40: Dempsey NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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[Information about the "stone medicine wheel" monuments to dead warrior chiefs is filed principally in Category 764.]

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He would say: "There is a good woman. She has built this Medicine Lodge, and is greatly honored and respected by all the people. Once she was a girl just like you; and you, if you are good and live a pure life, may some day be as great as she is now. Remember this, and try to live a worthy life."

At the time of the Medicine Lodge, the boys in the camp also gathered to see the young men count their *coups*. A man would get up, holding in one hand a bundle of small sticks, and, taking one stick from the bundle, he would recount some brave deed, throwing away a stick as he completed the narrative of each *coup*, until the sticks were all gone, when he sat down, and another man stood up to begin his recital. As the boys saw and heard all this, and saw how respected those men were who had done the most and bravest things, they said to themselves, "That man was once a boy like us, and we, if we have strong hearts, may do as much as he has done." So even the very small boys used often to steal off from the camp, and follow war parties. Often they went without the knowledge of their parents, and poorly provided, without food or extra moccasins. They would get to the enemy's camp, watch the ways of the young men, and so learn about going to war, how to act when on the war trail so as to be successful. Also they came to know the country.

The Blackfeet men often went off by themselves to fast and dream for power. By no means every one did this, and, of those who attempted it, only a few endured to the end, — that is, fasted the whole four days, — and obtained the help sought. The attempt was not usually made by young boys before they had gone on their first war journey. It was often undertaken by men who were quite mature. Those who underwent this suffering were obliged to abstain from food or drink for four days and four nights, resting for two nights on the right side, and for two nights on the left. It

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quently gave to a party of Piegans whom they met, and with whom they made peace. The Gros Ventres afterward saw this horse in the Piegan camp and supposed that the latter had killed their tribesman, and this led to a long war. In the year 1867, the Piegans defeated the allied Crows and Gros Ventres in a great battle near the Cypress Mountains, in which about 450 of the enemy are said to have been killed.

An expression often used in these pages, and which is so familiar to one who has lived much with Indians as to need no explanation, is the phrase to count *coup*. Like many of the terms common in the Northwest, this one comes down to us from the old French trappers and traders, and a *coup* is, of course, a blow. As commonly used, the expression is almost a direct translation of the Indian phrase to strike the enemy, which is in ordinary use among all tribes. This striking is the literal inflicting a blow on an individual, and does not mean merely the attack on a body of enemies.

The most creditable act that an Indian can perform is to show that he is brave, to prove, by some daring deed, his physical courage, his lack of fear. In practice, this courage is shown by approaching near enough to an enemy to strike or touch him with something that is held in the hand — to come up within arm's length of him. To kill an enemy is praiseworthy, and the act of scalping him may be so under certain circumstances, but neither of these approaches in bravery the hitting or touching him with something held in the hand. This is counting *coup*.

The man who does this shows himself without fear and is respected accordingly. With certain tribes, as the Pawnees, Cheyennes, and others, it was not very uncommon for a warrior to dash up to an enemy and strike him before making any attempt to injure him, the effort to kill being secondary to the *coup*. The blow might be struck with anything held in the hand, — a whip, coupstick, club, lance,

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555 726 the muzzle of a gun, a bow, or what not. It did not necessarily follow that the person on whom the *coup* had been counted would be injured. The act was performed in the case of a woman, who might be captured, or even on a child, who was being made prisoner.

Often the dealing the *coup* showed a very high degree of courage. As already implied, it might be counted on a man who was defending himself most desperately, and was trying his best to kill the approaching enemy, or, even if the attempt was being made on a foe who had fallen, it was never certain that he was beyond the power of inflicting injury. He might be only wounded, and, just when the enemy had come close to him, and was about to strike, he might have strength enough left to raise himself up and shoot him dead. In their old wars, the Indians rarely took men captive. The warrior never expected quarter nor gave it, and usually men fought to the death, and died mute, defending themselves to the last — to the last, striving to inflict some injury on the enemy.

The striking the blow was an important event in a man's life, and he who performed this feat remembered it. He counted it. It was a proud day for the young warrior when he counted his first *coup*, and each subsequent one was remembered and numbered in the warrior's mind, just as an American of to-day remembers the number of times he has been elected to Congress. At certain dances and religious ceremonies, like that of the Medicine Lodge, the warriors counted — or rather re-counted — their *coups*.

While the *coup* was primarily, and usually, a blow with something held in the hand, other acts in warfare which involved great danger to him who performed them were also reckoned *coups* by some tribes. Thus, for a horseman to ride over and knock down an enemy, who was on foot, was regarded among the Blackfeet as a *coup*, for the horseman might be shot at close quarters, or might receive a lance

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thrust. It was the same to ride one's horse violently against a mounted foe. An old Pawnee told me of a *coup* that he had counted by running up to a fallen enemy and jumping on him with both feet. Sometimes the taking of horses counted a *coup*, but this was not always the case.

As suggested by what has been already stated, each tribe of the Plains Indians held its own view as to what constituted a *coup*. The Pawnees were very strict in their interpretation of the term, and with them an act of daring was not in itself deemed a *coup*. This was counted only when the person of an enemy was actually touched. One or two incidents which have occurred among the Pawnees will serve to illustrate their notions on this point.

In the year 1867, the Pawnee scouts had been sent up to Ogallalla, Nebraska, to guard the graders who were working on the Union Pacific railroad. While they were there, some Sioux came down from the hills and ran off a few mules, taking them across the North Platte. Major North took twenty men and started after them. Crossing the river, and following it up on the north bank, he headed them off, and before long came in sight of them.

The six Sioux, when they found that they were pursued, left the mules that they had taken, and ran; and the Pawnees, after chasing them eight or ten miles, caught up with one of them, a brother of the well-known chief Spotted Tail. Baptiste Bahele, a half-breed Skidi, had a very fast horse, and was riding ahead of the other Pawnees, and shooting arrows at the Sioux, who was shooting back at him. At length Baptiste shot the enemy's horse in the hip, and the Indian dismounted and ran on foot toward a ravine. Baptiste shot at him again, and this time sent an arrow nearly through his body, so that the point projected in front. The Sioux caught the arrow by the point, pulled it through his body, and shot it back at his pursuer, and came very near hitting

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171 him. About that time, a ball from a carbine hit the Sioux
555 and knocked him down.
726 Then there was a race between Baptiste and the Pawnee next behind him, to see which should count *coup* on the fallen man. Baptiste was nearest to him and reached him first, but just as he got to him, and was leaning over from his horse, to strike the dead man, the animal shied at the body, swerving to one side, and he failed to touch it. The horse ridden by the other Pawnee ran right over the Sioux, and his rider leaned down and touched him.

Baptiste claimed the *coup* — although acknowledging that he had not actually touched the man — on the ground that he had exposed himself to all the danger, and would have hit the man if his horse had not swerved as it did from the body; but the Pawnees would not allow it, and all gave the credit of the *coup* to the other boy, because he had actually touched the enemy.

On another occasion three or four young men started on the warpath from the Pawnee village. When they came near to Spotted Tail's camp on the Platte River, they crossed the stream, took some horses, and got them safely across the river. Then one of the boys recrossed, went back to the camp, and cut loose another horse. He had almost got this one out of the camp, when an Indian came out of a lodge near by, and sat down. The Pawnee shot the Sioux, counted *coup* on him, scalped him, and then hurried across the river with the whole Sioux camp in pursuit. When the party returned to the Pawnee village, this boy was the only one who received credit for a *coup*.

555 Among the Blackfeet the capture of a shield, bow, gun,
726 war bonnet, war shirt, or medicine pipe was deemed a *coup*.

555 Nothing gave a man a higher place in the estimation of
577 the people than the counting of *coups*, for, I repeat, personal bravery is of all qualities the most highly respected by

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Indians. On special occasions, as has been said, men counted over again in public their *coups*. This served to gratify personal vanity, and also to incite the young men to the performance of similar brave deeds. Besides this, they often made a more enduring record of these acts, by reproducing them pictographically on robes, cowskins, and other hides. There is now in my possession an illuminated cowskin, presented to me by Mr. J. Kipp, which contains the record of the *coups* and the most striking events in the life of Red Crane, a Blackfoot warrior, painted by himself. These pictographs are very rude and are drawn after the style common among Plains Indians, but no doubt they were sufficiently lifelike to call up to the mind of the artist each detail of the stirring events which they record.

The Indian warrior who stood up to relate some brave deed which he had performed was almost always in a position to prove the truth of his statements. Either he had the enemy's scalp, or some trophy captured from him, to produce as evidence, or else he had a witness of his feat in some companion. A man seldom boasted of any deed unless he was able to prove his story, and false statements about exploits against the enemy were most unusual. Temporary peace was often made between tribes usually at war, and, at the friendly meetings which took place during such times of peace, former battles were talked over, the performances of various individuals discussed, and the acts of particular men in the different fights commented on. In this way, if any man had falsely claimed to have done brave deeds, he would be detected.

An example of this occurred many years ago among the Cheyennes. At that time, there was a celebrated chief of the Skidi tribe of the Pawnee Nation whose name was Big Eagle. He was very brave, and the Cheyennes greatly feared him, and it was agreed among them that the man who could count *coup* on Big Eagle should be made war

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555 chief of the Cheyennes. After a fight on the Loup River,
171 a Cheyenne warrior claimed to have counted *coup* on Big Eagle by thrusting a lance through his buttocks. On the strength of the claim, this man was made war chief of the Cheyennes. Some years later, during a friendly visit made by the Pawnees to the Cheyennes, this incident was mentioned. Big Eagle was present at the time, and, after inquiring into the matter, he rose in council, denied that he had ever been struck as claimed, and, throwing aside his robe, called on the Cheyennes present to examine his body and to point out the scars left by the lance. None were found. It was seen that Big Eagle spoke the truth; and the lying Cheyenne, from the proud position of war chief, sank to a point where he was an object of contempt to the meanest Indian in his tribe.

721 Among the Blackfeet a war party usually, or often, had its
787 origin in a dream. Some man who has a dream, after he awakes tells of it. Perhaps he may say: "I dreamed that on a certain stream is a herd of horses that have been given to me, and that I am going away to get. I am going to war. I shall go to that place and get my band of horses." Then the men who know him, who believe that his medicine is strong and that he will have good luck, make up their minds to follow him. As soon as he has stated what he intends to do, his women and his female relations begin to make moccasins for him, and the old men among his relations begin to give him arrows and powder and ball to fit him out for war. The relations of those who are going with him do the same for them.

721 The leader notifies the young men who are going with him on what day and at what hour he intends to start. He determines the time for himself, but does not let the whole camp know it in advance. Of late years, large war parties have not been desirable. They have preferred to go out in small bodies.

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727 dead enemies save one, and to have a scalp dance over that remaining one. If a party had killed six of the enemy and lost a man, it might "cover" the slain Blackfoot with five of the enemy. In other words, the five dead enemies would pay for the one which the war party had lost. So far, matters would be even, and they would feel at liberty to rejoice over the victory gained over the one that is left.

[154] The Blackfeet sometimes cut to pieces an enemy killed in battle. If a Blackfoot had a relation killed by a member of another tribe, and afterward killed one of this tribe, he was likely to cut him all to pieces "to get even," that is, [555] to gratify his spite — to obtain revenge. Sometimes, after they had killed an enemy, they dragged his body into camp, so as to give the children an opportunity to count *coup* on it. Often they cut the feet and hands off the dead, and took them away and danced over them for a long time. Sometimes they cut off an arm or a leg, and often the head, and danced and rejoiced over this trophy.

Women and children of hostile tribes were often captured, and adopted into the Blackfoot tribes with all the rights and privileges of indigenous members. Men were rarely captured. When they were taken, they were sometimes killed in cold blood, especially if they had made a desperate resistance before being captured. At other times, the captive would be kept for a time, and then the chief would take him off away from the camp, and give him provisions, [555] clothing, arms, and a horse, and let him go. The captive man always had a hard time at first. When he was brought into the camp, the women and children threw dirt on him and counted *coups* on him, pounding him with sticks and clubs. He was rarely tied, but was always watched. Often the man who had taken him prisoner had great trouble to keep his tribesmen from killing him.

721 In the very early days of this century, war parties used 484 commonly to start out in the spring, going south to the land

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

individuals and small groups. The cows were in prime condition and the Blackfeet concentrated on gathering the meat and berries to be dried and stored for winter use.

The most common technique for hunting buffalo during the late nineteenth century was the chase in which mounted hunters followed the herd and each man selected an animal, rode it down and killed it. By this time the Piegan had abandoned the earlier method of driving the herds into confining canyons, compounds or over a cliff to be killed and butchered below. Men hunted on foot only when they lacked a buffalo hunting horse, or when heavy snowfall made horse travel impossible. Although other animals might be hunted on foot, the horse was of major importance in hunting buffalo—the Blackfeet "staff of life."

Horses, then, were a form of production capital, and their importance led to another form of economic pursuit, the horse raid. A man could build a horse herd by buying animals from his neighbors, by having them given to him, by natural increase among his already acquired stock, or by raiding and taking horses from enemy camps. This was a dangerous but quick way to build capital, and success in such dangerous pursuits added to a person's prestige, so horse raiding became ". . . an established industry among the Blackfeet" (Grinnell 1907:244).

Labor was quite sharply divided by sex. Men were the hunters and defenders, women the collectors and manual laborers. In addition to hunting and fighting, men butchered the animals while on the hunt, made their weapons, shields, and drums, and painted designs on these. They also made pipes, horn utensils and often their own ornaments, leggings, and coats.

Women's work makes a longer list. They occasionally helped with light butchering when they accompanied a hunt, but did all butchering, preparing and preserving of meat once it had been brought to camp. Women gathered plant foods, prepared meals, made the clothing, packed, moved, and unpacked provisions and possessions, carried wood and water, cut tepee poles, put up and dismantled the tepees, made and decorated leather carrying bags (parfleches) and other containers, manufactured utensils, dressed and tanned skins and hides, made saddles and horse gear, made travois, and reared the children.

It would appear that the women did the most "work," which may be overlooking the fact that hunting, an avocation for us, was often an arduous occupation. Nonetheless, it was true that men had more time for socializing. Young men often dressed up in their paint and finest clothing, to stroll around the camp in order to be admired by the girls; and the older men spent much of their leisure time in feasting one another.

A similar division of labor and male advantage was a part of childhood. Young boys were free to play, until as they grew older they were given the task of caring for the horses. The games they played were preparation for hunting and raiding. At a much earlier age girls began to carry wood and water, do light gathering and collecting, and take lessons in the preparation of foods, clothing and in dressing hides—learning the women's work.

The Blackfeet were much concerned with personal property and had their own definition of what it entailed. Resources were unowned, food and materials

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

point here is that these powers and their symbols were subject to the same controls as any other property. A man, therefore, incurred both rights and obligations with the attainment of power. He was expected to be generous with it, but at the same time he expected to be paid in goods or prestige for the help he gave.

The Blackfeet believed that the possession of a guardian spirit and power were important for success, so such powers and the bundles that represented them were highly valued. Not all men were successful in their vision quest, but this was not held against them. They were just unlucky. Neither they nor anyone else expected much of them, however, and they could hardly advance in prestige without some successes. Such men might be motivated to gain property to enable them to purchase power from someone who had had the experience, and men with power often sought to transfer it because it was a restricted and often burdensome property. As with other kinds of property, the bundle owner was expected to be generous with his power. Bundles had to be opened periodically, and the owner had to provide a feast for invited guests as a part of the ritual. In addition, the bundle owner had to observe a number of taboos associated with each bundle—it had to be displayed properly, no one should walk between the bundle and its owner, and numerous restrictions were put on the owner's behavior. Some men owned several bundles, but whether one or many, some owners found the responsibilities, expenses and taboos too burdensome and sought buyers for their power.

Values and Status

Perhaps, as already indicated, one of the most persistent themes of Blackfeet life was the high value put on individual prestige, a value that operated through and maintained a status structure. This was not a true class society with easily recognized social divisions, but a structure of status positions, each shading into a higher one. The high status people were distinguished readily from those of low status, but the separations along the line might be imperceptible.[8] The whole system was an expression of Blackfeet values, and the highest status was achieved by the man who best represented these ideals.

The major characteristics valued by the Blackfeet and by which men were judged appear to have been bravery, generosity, wisdom, and skill; these were displayed in warfare, horse raiding, hunting, religious knowledge and the acquisition of property for use in the service of others.

It is difficult to establish a hierarchy of the importance of these different attributes. Bravery and generosity appear to have been essential. The ethnographers differ in their ordering of exploits by which a reputation for bravery was established, but all agree that war honors were ranked, and that the killing and scalping of an enemy ranked below the more dangerous feats of successfully wresting the weapons from an enemy and escaping without injury, or stealing into the center

[8] Ewers believes that social classes were forming in the late 1880s under the influence of horse ownership. A small rich class, a numerous middle class, and a number of poor were recognized, grounded in respect for individual rights and property rights (Ewers 1955:240–244).

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of an enemy encampment and making off with a fine horse that had been tethered to its owner's tepee. Bravery was measured, then, according to the relative danger of the exploit and the most dangerous deeds were those related to war and raiding. But brave deeds alone were not enough. Unless a man were generous with his goods and helpful to his neighbors, he would be branded as selfish and stingy and his supporters might abandon him. This emphasis put stress on acquiring property with which to be generous which in turn made skill important. But all these traits were enhanced if a man had supernatural support. Power increased a man's self-confidence and the expectancy of success on the part of himself and others. Ewers remarked that the horse raider ". . . was a courageous, alert, resourceful fighting man. Nevertheless, he did not attribute his success in war to these qualities. Rather he attributed it to the power of his war medicine" (Ewers 1958:127).

A man of ability, achievement, and with supernatural support was able to attract followers in his ventures of war and raiding, or in his political maneuvers. Influence began to build as he used these qualities and property to rally members of his family and band. He drew first upon the ties of kinship and then attracted followers from other groups to gain leadership within the band. The maintenance of this position, and the advance to higher status depended upon his ability to exercise all of his personal attributes in correct ways.

The ideals were a standard, of course, and probably few attained the ideal. But those who did stood as examples to the children, as noted earlier. People measured each other and themselves by the ideals, and in a society where gossip was an important control over behavior, verbal praise was eagerly sought. What people said about you was important, and the amount of praise a person received could be increased if he spoke well of himself. This seemed to be a response among the Blackfeet. People talked about their good deeds as well as the good and bad deeds of others, and were much concerned about their own good name. Men who aspired to leadership tested each other's claims; while rising on their own claims they could climb faster, in a relative sense, if by gossip they could cut down the man above them.

In a sense then, property was the measure of a man's achievement, and the use of property became the means of validating a particular status and rising to a higher one. Property was accumulated to use in the gaining of further goods and, above all, as a means of expressing generosity. Highest status went to the generous man; a stingy man was the butt of gossip, and lost status among the Blackfeet.

Claims of power, bravery, skill and generosity were subject to public judgment. Opportunities were given, particularly at the Sun Dance, for the recital of coup claims, and public acceptance of these served to validate them. Men called upon to fill the roles in the Sun Dance ritual, society initiations, and naming ceremonies were selected from among those of accomplishment, and before performing the required act the man recounted the achievements that qualified him for the honor being bestowed upon him. Similarly, the woman who sponsored the Sun Dance, and the women who cut the buffalo tongues as a part of the ritual, publicly proclaimed their virtue. In ordinary conversation and in the give and take of daily life people might boast and overelaborate their exploits, but in these formal situa-

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

tools and utensils, but she was also responsible for the movement of the camp equipment. She dismantled the tipi, caught the reluctant dogs and tackled them to the travois, loaded the travois, and kept the lively dogs in line on the march. Often she carried heavy loads on her own back. At the end of a hard day's journey she could not rest until she had pitched the tipi and fed the family. Furthermore, as indicated above, women rendered active assistance in the co-operative buffalo hunt. In this toilsome life youthful beauty was short lived, and there was little comfort in old age. When they became bent with age and too feeble to follow the moving camp on foot, they were abandoned to face death alone.

Men were hunters, warriors, and craftsmen who made their weapons and their ceremonial and religious equipment. In dog days, when swiftness of foot and physical stamina were decided assets, young men must have been proud to have had the reputation of being good runners who could overtake a buffalo or an enemy on foot. Individuals who achieved outstanding war records, or who possessed powers to call the buffalo or heal the sick, must have enjoyed a distinction among their fellows denied the average man.

Probably many religious beliefs widely held by the forest Algonkian tribes survived among the Blackfeet in dog days. Undoubtedly they shared with the forest tribes a basic belief in the ability of supernatural birds or animals to communicate some of their sacred power to young men who actively sought it through prayers and fasting. This power, they believed, would aid and protect its human beneficiary throughout his life. Men who received power from the same animal, such as the bear, beaver, or buffalo, formed cults and performed ceremonies they believed were sacred to that animal. Perhaps the most important of these animal cults in dog days was that of the beaver, for it was the beaver medicine men whose rituals charmed the buffalo into the corral and brought food to their people in time of need.[18]

[18] Clark Wissler, "Ceremonial Bundles of the Blackfoot Indians," American Museum of Natural History *Anthropological Papers*, Vol. VII, Part 2 (1912), 282. Wissler considered the beaver ceremonies the oldest of the many Blackfoot bundle rituals.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

THE BLACKFEET [ca. 1800]

War was the principal occupation of the young men. The Piegans, who continued to be the frontier tribe—living farther south and west than the others—were the most active aggressors in the successful wars against the Shoshonis. The Blackfeet, living farthest northeast, bore the brunt of Cree and Assiniboin pressures from the east. The Blood tribe in the center warred in both directions. Many older men among the Blackfoot tribes bragged of killing fifteen or twenty of the enemy. He was but a modest warrior who could claim less than ten scalps. The successful ones delighted in recounting their battle records.

In their wars with the Shoshonis and Flatheads, the Piegans sent out large parties of several hundred men to do battle. However, much of their warlike activity took the form of raiding for horses by small groups of young men. By raiding and raising horses some Indians managed to build up large herds. In 1809 one Piegan was said to own three hundred, while some Northern Blackfeet owned thirty or forty horses. Two kinds of saddles were used, a buffalo-hide pad stuffed with moose or elk hair, employed by active young men, and a rawhide-covered, wooden-framed saddle with high pommel and cantle, ridden by women.[44]

The traders' accounts of Indian religious beliefs are of less value than their observations of everyday life and customs. They depended to a great extent on the Cree language in their conversations with the Blackfeet. They saw little of the Indians during the summer months when furs were not prime and the natives were hunting far from the trading posts. That was also the traditional ceremonial season. Although Henry learned that the Blackfeet then recognized the sun as their supreme being, he did not mention the tribal sun dance. If that important religious observance of later years was performed at that time it would have been held in the summer far away from the trading posts.

Traders were intrigued by the painstaking attention given by the Blackfoot tribes to ceremonial smoking. Yet the medicine

[44] Henry and Thompson, *New Light*, II, 526-27, 728-27.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

to the camp, the heads, hands, feet and privates cut off, paraded on poles, and thrown around the camp, some of which found their way to the fort and were presented to the Cree Indians then there.[16]

Scalping an enemy, so elderly Blackfoot Indians who performed this feat in their youth have told me, was quickly accomplished by leaning over the victim who was lying on the ground face down, grasping his hair with the left hand, using the right hand to cut around his crown with a sharp knife, and jerking off the hair with skin attached, removing a section of the scalp about three inches in diameter. Some warriors who had been scalped alive recovered and lived to fight again. My aged informants corroborated Maximilian's observations that survivors of scalping generally wore caps to cover their bald spots.[17]

The Blackfoot Indians graded war honors on the basis of the degree of courage displayed in winning them. They recognized that a man might scalp an enemy who had been killed by another and that a man might kill an enemy from a considerable distance with bullet or arrow. Their term for war honor, *"namachkani,"* meant literally "a gun taken." The capture of an enemy's gun ranked as the highest war honor. The capture of a bow, shield, war bonnet, war shirt, or ceremonial pipe was also a coup of high rank. The taking of a scalp ranked below these deeds, but ahead of the capture of a horse from the enemy. The capture of a horse was too common an accomplishment to receive a higher rating.

After collecting their trophies, the successful scalp raiders rode homeward. As they neared their camp, they began to sing and proudly display their trophies. The wife or other female relative of each man who had brought home a trophy carried it in the post-raid scalp dance. The hands, feet, scalps, or even the heads of fallen enemies were raised on poles borne by the women as they danced in a circle. These gruesome trophies proved to the

[16] *Ibid.*, 491–92.
[17] Maximilian, *Travels*, II, 180.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

long poles connected by rawhide lines converged upon the medicine lodge from the four cardinal directions. They sang as they advanced. Then, using their poles as props, they carefully raised the center pole into position so that it stood upright in the hole dug to receive it. The medicine women stood by, praying that this pole raising might be accomplished successfully. Should the pole fail to stand upright, people would surely accuse her of being less virtuous than she proclaimed to be.

Raising the center pole provided the dramatic climax to the medicine woman's role in the sun dance. Once this pole was firmly planted, her assistants led her to her lodge, where she broke her fast on berry soup. Her husband took a final sweat bath to purify himself. Meanwhile, the other men of the great encampment completed the medicine lodge as quickly as possible by binding the rafters with the prepared hide thongs and covering the sides of the lodge with green cottonwood boughs.

Early the next morning a booth of cottonwood boughs was erected on the west side of the medicine lodge. This booth was occupied by two or more men who periodically left it to dance to the accompaniment of several old men who sang and beat upon a buffalo rawhide with rattles. Wearing only breechclouts and moccasins, the dancers faced the sun and blew upon eagle-bone whistles. Their dance consisted primarily of raising and lowering themselves on their toes in time to the music. These dancers were spoken of as "weather dancers" because they were responsible for preventing rain and insuring sunny weather through the remaining days of the ceremony. They usually performed for four days, during which they refrained from eating. At intervals during this period persons approached the weather dancers to be painted and prayed for.

On the first of the four days a fire pit was dug between the center pole and the entrance to the medicine lodge on its east side. Then, one by one, victorious warriors entered the medicine lodge, hung offerings to the sun on the center pole, and recounted their war exploits. After reciting each brave deed, a warrior placed a stick on the fire. Those who could add enough sticks

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

to make the fire blaze high were greatly admired for their prowess. The warriors dramatized their accounts by re-enacting their accomplishments—the killing of an enemy, the capture of a weapon or a horse, or the taking of a scalp. They achieved considerable realism in these performances by such acts as firing their guns in the air and riding around the lodge with stick horses between their legs.

However, by far the most dramatic of all the warriors' actions in the medicine lodge were the excruciating self-tortures undergone by young men who had made vows to torture themselves in the sun dance of their tribe. In 1947 the Blood Indian Heavy Head, one of the last of the Blackfeet to submit to this painful ordeal, described his experience to me.

« « « My partner, Buffalo Teeth, and I went to war to take horses. At Medicine Hat we found a small camp of Cree half-bloods. It was moonlight when we sighted their camp. I looked up at the moon and prayed to it, "If I have good luck and get home safely I shall be tortured at the sun dance." Then I stole into the camp and got one bay that was picketed in front of a lodge without any of the enemy waking. Buffalo Teeth got a roan.

When I reached home, I told my story to my father, Water Bull. The old man got up and sang his encouraging song. Then he told me, "My son, you have done something worth doing. You have made a vow that you will be tortured at the sun dance. You must do it this coming sun dance."

A short time after that the bands began to come together for the summer encampment. I filled my pipe and went to Little Bear, a relative of mine who had been through the torture years before. I gave him the pipe and a buckskin horse, and said, "Here is a horse for you. Keep this pipe too. I want you to look after me in the torture." Little Bear went to the next lodge and got two old men, Green Grass Bull and Red Bead, both of whom had been through the torture. They came to Little Bear's lodge, smoked my pipe, and prayed for me.

The day before the torture I ate and drank nothing. Next day I had nothing until after the torture. However, the three old men gave me some sagebrush to chew.

I was the last and the youngest of the three Blood Indians to

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

dian on dress occasions to create the impression that his hair was long. The Crows also transferred one of their sacred ceremonies, which the Piegans called the "Crow Water Beaver Ceremony." It became so popular that the Montana Piegans taught it to their North Piegan relatives in Canada in 1905.[24]

From west of the Rockies, the formerly hostile Flatheads, Kutenais, and Nez Percés brought cornhusk-and-yarn flat pouches and many well-dressed deerskins and elk hides. In return, the Piegans gave their western friends beautifully beaded men's suits and women's dresses. Piegan women readily acknowledged the superior skill of the Flatheads and Kutenais in dressing skins. By the turn of the century they were obtaining the great majority of the skins employed in their own craftwork in trade or by gift from those overmountain tribes. Very few Piegan women bothered to continue the arduous labor of fleshing, scraping, and softening buckskin.

It was like old times for the Piegans to gather for a few weeks in summer, set up their tipis, take off their white men's somber garments and don their colorful Indian clothes, paint their faces, gamble on horse races and in the stick game, enjoy social dances, and, above all, to experience once again the religious stimulation of the great tribal sun dance. Women made handsome costumes for their menfolk and other fine craftwork for presents to visitors from other tribes. Their rivalry as craftswomen was no less keen than was that of their menfolk, who bragged of their fine herds of horses and their success as cattlemen.

After the Indians spread out along the valleys of their reservation, many of them found it inconvenient to travel south to Badger Creek for their weekly rations. The agent found his headquarters poorly located for administering to the needs of his far-flung Indians. His agency had become an obsolete stockade of rotting logs. So in 1894 the agent and chiefs selected a new site nearer the center of the reservation, on Willow Creek, some two miles from the new railroad. There twenty-two new

[24] McClintock, *The Old North Trail*, 407–10. Describes this ceremony at the time of its transfer to the North Piegans.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

ORGANIZATION OF THE HORSE RAID

Members of Blackfoot raiding parties always were volunteers. Some young men were lazy, cowardly fellows who never joined these parties. Some favored sons of wealthy families were discouraged from joining these expeditions. But the horse raid offered young men of poor parents their best opportunity for economic security and social advancement. Consequently many of the most active raiders were poor fellows. Most participants in horse raids were young men in their upper teens and early twenties. On rare occasions men in their forties led these expeditions. Weasel Tail said he had no recollection of any man over 50 years of age participating in this activity. Most commonly raiding parties comprised from 4 to 12 men. Occasional expeditions of 50 or more members were reported, and daring thefts of enemy horses by a lone Blackfoot also occurred. But they were rare.[36]

The key figure in any Blackfoot horse-raiding party was the leader, an experienced man whose past successes inspired confidence in his ability to lead a group to the enemy, capture horses, and return without loss of party members. Often the leader himself organized a raiding party, inviting certain of his young friends to join him. At other times young men desirous of making up a party requested an acknowledged leader to lead it. It was common practice for members of a horse-raiding party to drum on a piece of buffalo rawhide in accompaniment to their war songs the night before setting out. Other young men of the camp, upon hearing their performance and wishing to volunteer to accompany them, would join in the singing. There were many war songs appropriate for this occasion. A song especially liked by Weasel Tail had the words, "Girl I love don't worry about me. I'll be eating berries coming home." As the singers moved about camp, friends and relatives gave them presents of food and moccasins for their journey. The members might disperse to meet at a spot agreed upon outside the camp and set out that night, or they might decide to wait until the following morning to get under way.[37]

PREPARATIONS

A war party might have been planned for several days or it might have been organized within a few hours. In either case it required

[36] The small horse-raiding party seems to have been preferred by the Upper Missouri tribes. Opler (1936, p. 209) stated that Jicarilla Apache horse-raiding expeditions seldom numbered more than 10 men. However, Comanche and Kiowa raids against Mexican settlements frequently were large-scale operations.

[37] The custom of horse-raiding party members drumming and singing war songs before embarking on a raid has been reported as typical of the Kiowa, Comanche, Lemhi and Wind River Shoshoni, Nez Percé, and Crow (Lowie, 1915, pp. 811, 830; 1916, p. 851).

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

no battalions, no unified efforts. "Every man for himself" is the ruling principle, and victory depends upon personal bravery and good horsemanship. There is no random shooting, every Flathead always aims for the waist. [Mengarini, 1938, p. 17.]

Blackfoot informants also mentioned their practice of aiming at the mounted enemy's waist as the surest target, because mounted men constantly wove their bodies from side to side to confuse the enemy and prevent his taking accurate aim.[42]

Wissler (1910, p. 155) was informed that the Blackfoot charge on horseback was a "rush in a compact body, scattering along the front of the enemy as they passed, in order to deliver their fire." Informants claimed the charging force sometimes formed a line scattered over a considerable distance. The riders bent low over their horses' necks. If the enemy were afoot they tried to ride them down. Lazy Boy claimed some Piegan were expert at somersaulting backward over their horses' tails, landing on both feet, weapons in hand ready to fight a hand-to-hand combat. Upon overtaking a mounted enemy the Blackfoot tried to unhorse him with his shock weapon. Then, if the enemy was still active, the Blackfoot dismounted and sought to finish him off afoot.

I asked Lazy Boy why the Piegan did so much hand-to-hand fighting when they possessed weapons that would effectively dispose of an enemy from a distance. He made the expected reply, "A man made a name for himself as a brave warrior by killing his enemy close up where everyone could see it."

Sometimes the Blackfoot attack was directed at the enemy's herds of loose horses, in an attempt to run them off and throw the enemy into a panic. The Flathead chief Pelchimo won a signal honor in a battle with the Blackfoot in 1840, while saving the Flathead horses from capture by the enemy (De Smet, 1905, vol. 1, pp. 319–320). Again in an attack upon a Kutenai village on the move, October 27, 1858, the Blackfoot attempted to stampede the defenders' horses, but without success (Hamilton, 1900, p. 83).

USE OF FIRE WEAPONS

The fire weapons employed by scalp-raiding parties were those used by horse raiders—the gun and bow and arrows. Even in my informants' youth many Indians did not own guns. Certainly, prior to their time the bow and arrow was the most common fire weapon.

Rifles were uncommon among the Blackfoot prior to the introduction of the breech-loading, repeating rifle in 1870. The typical fire-

[42] Linderman (1930, pp. 145, 155) told of the Crow practice of aiming at a mounted enemy's body "where it sits on his horse" and of a Teton horseman throwing his body from side to side in a running fight. These data suggest these two practices were common in the mounted warfare of the northern Plains.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Another avenue of advancement for the poor boy was through service to a wealthy man, in caring for his horses, and helping him in hunting in return for his own food and care. Orphans commonly were taken into this service (Grinnell, 1892, p. 219).

Adoption into a family of wealth and distinction offered another means of advancement for the poor boy. Three Calf cited the case of a little boy found by Boy, a chief of the Small Robes band of Piegan, in an abandoned Gros Ventres camp. Although Boy had children of his own, he adopted the homeless waif. When the lad grew older he cared for Boy's horses. Later he helped in hunting and went on horse-raiding parties. He was successful in taking enemy horses and once took a gun from an enemy. He began to raise a herd of his own. He married a girl of good family, set up a medium-sized lodge, and raised fine pinto horses. He began to acquire the best of clothing and horse gear. Finally, after he had acquired 2 wives and some 30 or more horses, he became a subchief of the Small Robes band. As an old man he took the name of his Piegan benefactor, Boy.

The practice of medicine offered a specialized medium of advancement for young women as well as men. A number of highly respected women practitioners were remembered by informants. Through their own visions and/or the teachings of established doctors young people learned the use of various medicinal plants and techniques of their administration. The person who could cure the sick or foresee the future was able to demand payments for his services in horses and other valuables.

Some men and women were able to better their condition through their skill as craftsmen. No individual was remembered who attained wealth solely on the basis of his or her skill in crafts. However, there were men and women of the middle class whose incomes were materially enhanced through their ability to manufacture bows and arrows or pipes of high quality (in the case of men), or lodges, clothing, riding and transport gear (in the case of women). Many fine craftsmen were older men whose age prevented their active participation in hunting or horse raids.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

THE BAND

Wissler (1911, p. 22) properly considered the band "the social and political unit" among the Blackfoot. In 1856, Blackfoot Agent Hatch stated, "Each tribe is divided into bands, which are governed or led by either a chief or a band-leader, the former office is hereditary, the latter depends upon the bravery of the individual and his success in war" (U. S. Comm. of Ind. Affairs, 1856, p. 625). Bradley's ex-

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

dles was "so fixed that one must suspect the present system of transferring bundles to have developed in its present form since the introduction of the horse." Lack of information on the occurrence and transfer of bundles in early times makes it impossible to check Wissler's hypothesis. Native tradition claims the Sun Dance and beaver bundle originated before the introduction of horses. There is also a tradition that the Blood Indians' Long Time Pipe was transferred through dog payments before horses were known to these Indians. It is possible that horses may have replaced slaves, dogs, robes, or whatever other valuables may have been given to insure the transfer of sacred objects in pre-horse times. The fact that horses, after their introduction, were recognized as valuable media of exchange in secular transactions probably would have encouraged their use as payments for medicine bundles as well. Whatever the origin of the close association of horse payments with bundle transfers, it is certain that it existed in 19th-century buffalo days. The owner of an important sacred bundle received the petitioner who wished to obtain title to it with mixed feelings. He weighed his loss of sacred power through the relinquishment of his bundle against his gain through the acquisition of a number of fine horses offered in payment.

IN THE SUN DANCE CEREMONY

The influence of the horse made itself apparent at various stages of the Sun Dance, the most important Blackfoot tribal religious ceremony. I have described (p. 128) the care given to the transport of the medicine woman's sacred paraphernalia to the Sun Dance encampment on a horse travois. War honors, most commonly acquired on horse raids, were required of both the cutter of the tree to be used for the center pole, and by men who cut the thongs to bind the rafters to the posts in the construction of the lodge. The latter rite was transferred through payment of a horse and other property. Before cutting the hide the cutter was required to raise his knife and publicly declare four personal coups, which commonly included the capture of enemy horses. In recent years older men who have counted coups have stood as sponsors for younger men or women who paid to cut the hide. Plate 17, a_2^A, portrays Makes-Cold-Weather (ca. 1866–1950), one of the last of the Piegan veterans of intertribal horse raids, counting his coups before his protege cut the hide in the Sun Dance near Browning in 1943.

Men who underwent the excruciating self-torture in the Sun Dance lodge (pl. 17, b_2^A), did so in fulfillment of vows, made before going into dangerous action, to submit to the torture if they came through safely. The two accounts of personal experiences in self-torture, which I ob-

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A A [See category 796, p. 358-P--Analyst]

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

tained from elderly Blood Indians, indicate that the vows of both men were made shortly before they entered enemy camps to steal horses. There is a possibility that the Blackfoot tribes borrowed the Sun Dance torture from the Arapaho in the historic period, and hence since the introduction of horses (Ewers, 1948 b, pp. 167–168, 171–172).

Three quarters of a century ago Bradley (1923, pp. 267–268) wrote of the warriors who entered the Blackfoot Sun Dance to count their coups during the closing days of the ceremony.

> Those who desire the privilege of recounting their coups must first present a horse to someone at the door of the medicine lodge (an irrevocable gift), when he may enter the lodge and in his turn relate his exploits, illustrating them by gestures indicating the manner of their performance.
>
> The horse stealers, however, are not required to make the gift of a horse at the door but bring with them a bundle of sticks, and casting one into a fire kept burning in the lodge, say: "At such a time I stole so many horses at such a place, from some enemies." Then casting in another stick describe another occasion.

If the Blackfoot observed the Sun Dance before they obtained horses, as was uniformly claimed by informants, it was none the less influenced by the presence of the horse in historic times. The data cited above show that even the details of this most sacred tribal ritual were colored by Indian regard for and preoccupation with horses.

BELIEFS CONCERNING THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS OF HORSES

There was a general belief among the Blackfoot that horses possessed supernatural powers. Just as they believed some humans possessed stronger supernatural powers than others, so they thought the sacred powers of some horses were more potent than those of ordinary horses. I have referred (p. 259) to the two horses which were credited with having bestowed horse medicine powers upon their owner, Wolf Calf, in his dreams. Horses that performed deeds of unusual strength or endurance, that miraculously escaped from battle without a scratch, or received wounds thought to have been mortal yet recovered, were spoken of by informants as animals possessing potent "secret power." Their remarkable deeds were proof to the Indians of their possession of that power.

Weasel Tail cited a case which will prove this point.

> Heavenly Colt was a strong, gray horse born of a mare stolen from the Flathead by a Blood Indian. He was broken for riding at 3 years of age and proved to be an excellent war horse. After Heavenly Colt gained a wide reputation among the Indians, the Gros Ventres stole him. In the battle between the Piegan and Gros Ventres in the summer of 1866, Heavenly Colt was ridden by Sitting Woman, Gros Ventres head chief. During the action the horse was shot through the neck. Three Suns, a Piegan chief, ran to the horse and said, "It is too bad such a fine horse must die. I shall claim him until he dies." Then the horse dropped. But the next morning the Piegan saw a gray horse on a distant hill.

10: Lewis E-4 (no date) 1973 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

necessarily ruled out. Defensive battles were the occasion for a show of bravery, for the capture of guns, shields and bonnets. The prestige derived from the counting of these coup and from the ceremonial recitation of war deeds, though present, was in later years overshadowed by the prestige of wealth.

The relative importance of war honors and wealth can be judged from the fact that bravery and war deeds, the usual requirements for chieftainship on the Plains, though important, were here not essential. There were many chiefs who had never been on the warpath but who had achieved their position by their kindness, generosity, good judgement and wealth.[178] Even a coward, "kopum", one who feared the warpath, could become a chief, provided he had accumulated sufficient wealth to attract followers. By giving frequent feasts, spreading gifts judiciously and buying into the beaver and medicine-pipe societies, any man could gain considerable prestige. This is made more striking when we compare the place of war honors and the counting of coups in Crow life with that among the Blackfoot. The Crow had an elaborate and systematic grading of war honors which was absent among the Blackfoot.

We have indicated earlier that large war parties were used to keep the Plateau tribes out of the Plains. Large parties were also occasioned by two other situations. First, in attacks against the trading posts where the motive was solely loot, and second, when the people felt the death of a prominent warrior or chief at the hands of an enemy as a tribal loss. In such cases, parties were organized in the spring or summer when the bands came together for the Sun Dance. The revenge parties were composed of members of a few bands, rarely of the whole tribe. It is significant that even on these revenge parties, and this applies both to the large and the small, loot was never overlooked.

There were, however, fundamental differences between the organization and motives of the large parties of pre-horse days and those of later ones. The latter were no more than expanded raiding parties. That is, the large party of warriors broke up into small units which acted like the small raiding party intent upon plunder instead of maintaining a unified army under centralized control.

The existence of highly organized warfare among the Blackfoot in the pre-horse period is of special interest in view of the fact that the coming of the horse has become associated in a general way with the development of a high degree of political organization. This process has been shown for the southern Ute of Colorado where the advent of the horse consolidated the small family groups into large bands and transformed a peaceful, retiring

[178] A favored son was not expected to go on the warpath but often became a chief.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Achieving Prestige

Inevitably, the activities of the man without horses or with only a few were limited. While his personal bravery might be unquestioned, the poor man could not hope to organize or direct a war party—the chief road to social recognition—for no man of greater wealth would submit to his leadership.[41] Eager to participate in a hunt or raid but lacking a fast horse, he was forced to borrow from a wealthy patron, sometimes handing over as much as one-half the game killed or one-half the loot captured. To be sure, the man who attained years of discretion and still possessed no horse must have been strikingly deficient in initiative or ability or both, but a poor boy, even when he was well endowed with these admirable qualities, might never become a man of substantial wealth or a leader in the community.

There is no doubt that, as Mr. Duvall claims, "poor young men have gone on the warpath, captured horses, bought fine clothes, and medicine bundles and become leaders among the people,"[42] but they had to overcome many obstacles that the sons of rich men never had to face. These favored youths, who expected their fathers' poor followers to supply the household with the necessary food and skins, could participate more frequently in the rewarding war parties and win prestige while still comparatively young.[43] The sons of the very rich might even spurn this activity. Beautifully clothed, continually honored by their parents with expensive purchases of privilege, and assured of their bride price, these *minipoka*, or "children of plenty" as Uhlenbeck translates the term,[44] were urged to shun the warpath altogether. The exhortations of their fathers could not have differed much from that of the Cree who said, "Here, my son, dress yourself. This is no way to be. I never bid you go to the scenes I need not name; I love you too much. Poor men are they who go on the warpath, (note well!) for they hope to steal horses; but you, your horse is handsome; he is fleet of foot. And you yourself are handsome; you are not poor. . . ."[45] Such advice was often rejected[46] but some "dandies," contrary to the manly ideal asserted in their society, were content to remain at home. J. H. Bradley observes, "Not in-

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father had sixty horses." At another time he observed that his father had "turned over his whole herd of horses to me (about 100)" at the time of his marriage in 1905. This last figure is conventionally given to the question, "How many horses would a rich man own?" (For corroboration, see Ewer, *Ibid.*).

[41] Lewis, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

[42] Wissler, *Ceremonial Bundles*, p. 289.

[43] Bernard Mishkin, *Rank and Warfare Among the Plains Indians*, p. 47.

[44] C. C. Uhlenbeck and R. H. van Gulik, *A Blackfoot-English Vocabulary*, p. 226.

[45] Leonard Bloomfield, *Cree Texts*, p. 63 ff.

[46] Most spectacularly by Owl Boy, the valiant son of Mountain Chief (S. Piegan). The Blood tell of no such hero. Wissler (*Social Life*, p. 30) claims that despite such urgings the young man always went on the warpath, but his own further statement would seem to belie this. (See text p. 8 and footnote 48.)

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

554 556 frequently . . . they [the young men] are great drones, lounging in the village, participating neither in the war nor the chase. . . ."[47] Obviously, these "drones" trusted to their fathers' wealth to bring them positions of [157] [622] respect—and this trust was not misplaced. Bravery and war deeds remained an asset to leadership, but among the Blackfoot, "great deeds in social and ceremonial life would alone elevate one to the status of headman."[48]

556 555 Blackfoot society offered considerable opportunity for vertical mobility. Disease, accidents of climate, misfortunes of gambling might reduce and, at times, even wipe out large herds, but the mere fact that great numbers of horses could be accumulated and held for a considerable period led to certain advantage. Manipulation through purchase, give-aways, and other forms of ostentatious display in no way destroyed this advantage. Shrewdly exercised, they built up great prestige and reliable support.[49]

Rivalry and Violence

578 182 621 Cooperative mechanisms, emphasizing interpersonal responsibilities both within the family and within the larger social group (band and men's societies) counteracted to some degree the competitive trends, but these trends continued nevertheless to dominate Blackfoot life. Rivalry for recognition and power was so keen that it "often led to assassination and 621 other dark deeds."[50] As early as 1808, Alexander Henry notes with consider- 578 able feeling the difficulties of the traders in dealing with the Blackfoot, but 181 he leaves no doubt that within the tribes, Blackfoot behavior was equally [834] unpredictable and destructive to peaceful relations. Regarding the Piegan, he wrote:

[837] They have frequent quarrels which may end in bloodshed or death; for though they are lavish in offering their women to the whites. . .they are exceedingly jealous among themselves. These quarrels, however, seldom last long, nor do they affect the whole tribe; the woman being killed, reconciliation is immediate and all are friends again.[51]

Other Blackfoot tribes were certainly no better:

The Cold Band are notoriously a set of audacious villains. The Blood are still worse, always inclined to mischief and murder.[52]

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[47] Bradley, *Characteristics*, p. 272. Bradley commenced writing down his impressions in 1871 when he was stationed at frontier army posts, most particularly Fort Benton and Fort Shaw, and continued to do so until his death in 1877. (*Ibid.*, p. 7.)

[48] Wissler, *Social Life*, p. 23. It is possible that this was a development of the late buffalo period.

[49] *Idem.*

[50] *Idem.*

[51] Alexander Henry and David Thompson, *Journals*, Vol. 2, p. 722. Cf. also Maximilian, *op. cit.*, p. 253.

[52] Henry and Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 530.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

than we had intended to stay, and my father, knowing what would happen when we went away, would make it hard for us to go.

It is not surprising that a marriage of this kind, with the children maneuvering to remain in their respective privileged homes, and the fathers maneuvering for even the limited *minipoka* help, did not last long. This one broke up in a year and a half.

When the favorites remarried, pomp, ceremony and property exchange were usually omitted, as they were in second marriages throughout the tribe. Free from the pressure of parents, a man might select a wife from any stratum of society. Passion rather than property dictated the new choice.

The growing concentration of horse wealth made an unstable marriage situation even more precarious. Young men had great difficulty in obtaining a wife at all, for they could neither pay for nor support one. Such difficulty was not unknown in the older Blood society despite the excess of women over men. The established hunters and warriors (i.e., men who had horses or their equivalent in ceremonial prestige) had two, three, or more wives.[83] Fathers urged their young and attractive daughters, then as now, upon older and successful men. But while the time of marriage was late (many men were twenty-five and the sons of the poor frequently over thirty)[84] a young man still had some chance to rise on his own initiative and win recognition. In the early eighties, and for twenty years to follow, he suffered from all the old disadvantages of the polygamous society, and the new order offered him few satisfactory ways of exhibiting his worth. In 1882, it was reported, "there was very little crime. More trouble was caused by the stealing of women from each other. Women sold for horses. Only a few are rich enough to buy women now. Most of the young men who have no horses cannot get married, and therefore steal from someone rich in women."[85]

Nevertheless, a few ways remained for making a living. A man might work out for whites or become a scout or farmer in the government service, or if he preferred to follow Indian custom, he could seek a vision and become a shaman, although remunerative practice did not immediately follow. Or he might, and here the rewards were quicker, improve his position by marrying a rich women, often some ten or fifteen years his senior. A sufficiently ambitious man might combine all of them. John Many Rattles did.[86] Born in 1862, he reached adulthood when it was most difficult for young men to rise. He hired out to whites, became a government scout at thirty-three,

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[83] Henry and Thompson, *Journals*, Vol. 2, p. 526, "Many of them have six or seven wives."

[84] Lewis, *The Effect of White Contact upon Blackfoot Culture*, p. 40. Cf. also Bradley, *Characteristics*, p. 272.

[85] 1883, Vol. 4, No. 5, p. 176.

[86] Harry D. Biele, Field Notes, 1939.

12: Hanks & Richardson E,P-5 (1938, 1939) 1966
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot

war deeds and political authority being equal, would ordinarily not join a war expedition led by one who was his junior. Among war chiefs who had already made their major coups, seniority was as important a factor in prestige as the number of major coups.

Unlike the Pawnee and the Comanche one's prestige did not decline after the last war deed. War was understood as a means for acquiring wealth, and if one were already wealthy, status could be maintained in certain spheres without war deeds. Once one had built an adequate herd of horses, there was no humiliation for those who preferred to remain in camp. Moreover, after renouncing warfare, one might gain further prestige. Ceremonial life was another form of competition with property as one of the stakes; a man surpassed another by paying more for an article of ceremonial importance or by acquiring more sacred articles. The tribal chiefs themselves were usually older men who had already distinguished themselves as warriors. Having given up the war path, they settled with their large herds of horses to help their relatives and thus established their positions as leaders in civil life. In this status of leader a man with less wealth and fewer coups might surpass a man with a finer war record who had greater wealth but less generosity. Above all, the mere fact of having grown old was regarded with respect, for one must have power in order to grow old. Hence, it was any dignified old man who with his liaisons to supernatural powers said prayers for the departing warriors. In fact, they prayed that the young man who offered them a pipe would have a long life and many children.

The general structure of the age societies exemplifies this pattern still further. The societies such as the Bees and the Prairie Chickens were entered by many young men, required little outlay of wealth for membership and served mainly for display, recreation, and solidifying the bonds between comrades. Those high in the hierarchy of age societies such as the members of the Catchers and the Horn societies were necessarily older men of sufficient wealth to pay a relatively high price for admission. Hence the group of members was not large. In addition these societies were entrusted with legal authority, based in part on the supernatural power which membership gave them. We thus see again the tendency to associate with age both authority and supernatural power. Though the Crazy Dogs, lying about midway in the hierarchy of age societies, might sing the old Plains song, "We do not want to become old," this was sung perhaps more in derision of their "enemy society" than as an expression of the desire to die young.

Within the residence group any remarks on authority must be prefaced by the observation that the smaller units were in the final analysis autonomous. Each household unit was free to move any place it desired at the will of the man who was head. Among the households that coalesced into

561 of her ill-mannered ways she was accused of joking obscenely with a paternal
602 cross-cousin who was nominally her grandmother. In another case a man
[586] was reciting a general formula for handling wives who had gone home from their husbands: "Then the husband would send his sister to the home of the wife's brothers to solicit in his behalf." If it be recalled that she along with her brother is elevated by siblings of the wife's family, then we can under-
[582] stand her power as mediator. In another instance a man married two
[595] women who were cross-cousins to each other; he was severely criticized for marrying wives who were "two generations apart."

562 We were struck by the differing ethos of the woman's world as compared with the man's. Confined in their activity largely to the camp, women were more complacent, resigned, physically less active, and less apt to engage in
[602] physical battle to settle their differences. This, we believe, was in part the
[182] result of the greater importance of kinship in fixing their social relations than was the case with men. First it was more difficult for women to alter
562 their status in the social group than for men. War and wealth did not offer
555 opportunities; rather the woman's position was dependent in this male-dominated society upon the status of her husband. The wife of a chief (*n.'na.ki*) might display her personal finery to the discredit of other women, but it was only as the wife of a chief that such conduct was possible. Otherwise she was a deviant who was treated accordingly. To be sure, women might raise their status in the social hierarchy through religious and ceremonial participation, but unlike coups in battle, the woman who vowed six Sun Dances was accorded very little, if any, more respect than one who
[171] vowed one or two Sun Dances. Though women took pride in good handwork, there was no widespread or standardized recognition of these accomplishments that we have uncovered, unlike the Cheyenne women who were
602 admitted to a society in recognition for outstanding handwork.[6] Hence the kinship system appears to be more effective than was the case with men in channeling social relationships between women, for there were fewer competing factors to disrupt its efficient working.

Marriage: A Union between Female and Male Worlds

581 The male world was outside the tipi in the tending of horses, hunting and
562 the counting of coups. There the world was ordered through seniority.
561 Within the tipi it was a woman's world with objects made by the woman, with children to be tended, and with other women categorized in terms of generation who assisted her with her duties. Marriage was the institution that united these two worlds, but it presented a break with the life of the past for both partners.

113 [6] Grinnell, G. B. *The Cheyenne Indians*, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1924, Vol. 1, p. 189 ff.

14: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1960) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

[1884-1960]

The Period of Dependency, 1884-1935

1884-1891

175 657 177 Following the winter of 1883-1884 the first efforts of the Agents were directed toward relieving the famine and providing for the future sustenance of the people. A new Agent made his first report in the fall of 1884 in which he wrote that he found few results of past efforts to make the Blackfeet sedentary and self-supporting farmers.[98] During the next six years the Agents attempted to build up the Agency farm and herd, to encourage the Indians to raise grain and produce, and to forward other programs of "civilization."

From this time on, the dependent Blackfeet were subjected [625] [721] increasingly to the American concepts of law and order. The Indian police, under the Agent's direction, were instrumental in eliminating warfare and horse raiding. In 1888 the Agent reported that Indian depredations had ceased and there had been no horse stealing during the [555] preceding year.[99] American pressure against war and horse raiding had eliminated two more traditional avenues to the acquisition of property and prestige.

175 657 241 [731] In his report of 1888, Agent Baldwin was less optimistic about the agricultural possibilities on the reservation than he had been in previous years.[100] The crops failed in 1889 and 1890, and in 1891 the Agent reported that no crops had been planted in the past year either by Indians or by the Agency because of fear of further drought.[101]

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[98] Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, op. cit., 1884, pp. 106-108.

[99] Ibid., 1888, p. 152. [100] Ibid., pp. 150-152.

[101] Ibid., 1891, p. 265.

14: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1960) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

[1884-1960]

175 In 1898 a severe winter and a shortage of feed caused a
657 40 per cent loss among the Indian cattle, and the Irrigation Engineer
233 for the Agency recommended extension of the irrigation canals in order
[242] to increase hay production.[105] Indian ranchers, however, had a chance to recover from this setback. Additional cattle were included in the annual issues and stock raising continued.

648 An agreement for the sale of the Rocky Mountain portion of the
175 reservation was approved by the United States government in 1896.[106]
425 The conditions of the sale assured another ten years of annuities after the obligations under the 1887 treaty had been met.

657 By 1904 the Agent reported a total of 20,509 head of cattle and
433 12,000 head of horses owned by the Blackfeet, and claimed that only
[233] 10 per cent of Indian subsistence had been dependent upon government issues for that fiscal year.[107] Thus in the first two decades of dependency the Blackfeet had tried farming and experienced failure. They were then encouraged to try stock raising and began to make some economic adaptation as herdsmen.

177 Their cultural readaptation, up to this time, had been less
[555] successful than the economic development. The increasing settlement of the lands around the reservation and the efforts of the police had ended horse raiding, thus eliminating an important avenue to prestige.
[797] Christian missions, particularly from the Roman Catholic church, had

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[105] Ibid., 1898, p. 187-188.

[106] U.S., Statutes at Large, 1897, XXIX, p. 353.

[107] Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, op. cit., 1904, pp. 610-611, 600.

Middle Status[198]

177 184 565 554 The majority of the Indian-oriented group are assigned to a middle status that encompasses a broad range of individual differences. The same qualities requisite for high status count here, and conformity to Indian values is more important than economic condition.

These are the people who live the Indian-oriented life described in the previous chapters; who practice the Indian-oriented values and both support and take part in the Indian-oriented society. The middle class actively supports the leaders of their choice in both the traditional and the modern spheres and differ from the lower status people because of their more complete involvement in the life of the [626] community. It is the attitudes, opinions, acts and wants of these people that assign and validate social status; they are the Indian-oriented public that awards some men with loyalty and influence and penalizes others with gossip, criticism and shame.

177 184 565 554 555 This class includes people with a wide range of knowledge of and skills in the traditional culture, and in education and experience with the white. These differentials of acculturation establish both limitations on and possibilities for upward mobility for these people. The poorly educated person cannot expect to gain high status of the Interpreter type, and as a consequence they are most apt to follow the pattern established by the Chiefs. There is evidence in the behavior of several men that they have such ambitions. They have quit drinking and "chasing around," and have become active in a men's society, a dancing or singing group, and are learning more of the old culture from association with the Chiefs. They serve on committees

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[198] Five of the subjects in the probability sample are assigned to middle status (Cases 14, 18, 26, 27, and 39).

177 that plan and stage the Indian Days celebration and holiday dances,
184 and attempt to live up to the highest values of the group. Their
565 families are supporting them in this move. The brother of one such
554 man spoke of him proudly:
555

> My brother quit drinking twenty years ago and learned Indian singing. He won a singing contest and now he's a champion singer. He's the best.

[626] Others support the similar ambitions of one of their relatives; they say that this man "isn't so much of a singer" and that he really "doesn't know much" about Blackfeet ways. His ambitions are being challenged as a part of the validation process he must go through.

Several younger men appear to be grooming for the more acculturated high status positions. They are already learning Blackfeet traditions from their elders, and at the same time are applying themselves to their education. The valedictorian of the high school class of 1960 appears to be a likely candidate for a position as an Interpreter. He is continuing his education and gaining experience in American society; he is fluent in both languages, and he has been a good student of Blackfeet culture. His Indian-oriented accomplishments and success in school already have gained him the respect of the Indian-oriented, and his school accomplishments, in turn, have earned him the respect of many in the white and white-oriented community.

[191]

[871]

177 Much of the description of modern Indian-oriented life is based
184 upon participant observation among people of this middle status, and
565 familiarity with this group sheds light on a question raised earlier
554 about the Indian attitude toward material comfort and possessions. It
353 was mentioned that the Indian-oriented appeared to have fewer possessions,
183
511
[123]

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

defying the police to bring him to justice. Other forms of defiance that showed courage according to Indian ideas were shooting cattle, stealing whiskey, and disobeying white injunctions to remain on the reserve.

Even more disconcerting for the whites than these minor forays was the second Riel uprising of 1885. The white population was outnumbered, especially if all the Indians of the Northwest were to unite. It did not know the country so well, and had less to lose by defeat. Panic seized the whites and volunteer brigades were organized in all towns for defence. When the Cree chief Poundmaker sent an emissary to Crowfoot asking for help, white officials held their breath. Rations were increased, and extra merchandise was distributed to pacify the Blackfoot. Father Lacombe was sent to exert his influence on Crowfoot. To the great relief of all concerned Crowfoot refused to co-operate with the Crees, saying, "This is your war. We have made peace with the whites." Wishing to benefit by Blackfoot loyalty, a few whites suggested inducing the Blackfoot to rekindle their latent hostility toward the Crees and join forces with the government. Though it would not have been difficult to enlist the services of many, the conservative white leaders, fearing that the Blackfoot might not stop fighting after having put down the insurgents, refused permission.

For the most part the rebellion passed the reserve quietly. Parents used it as a pretext to withdraw their children from the newly-founded missionary school, and some chiefs showed their sympathetic generosity by caring for a little group of Cree women and children which had escaped from the battle zone in the north. Rested and comforted, many of the refugees went on to the United States, but some remained with the Blackfoot. A few with their descendants, even though always specified as Crees, live on the reserve today, and have married Blackfoot. Crowfoot's trip in 1887 to Ottawa on the new railway was ordered by the government largely in appreciation of Blackfoot loyalty to the government during the Riel uprising. The well-phrased words that Father Lacombe translated to the velvet-coated officials convinced all that Her Majesty's munificence had not been wasted on an unappreciative savage.

Those who did not try the warpath as a means for showing their worth turned to a new kind of competition. With food issued weekly, and the old activities of hunting unnecessary or impossible, the Indians found themselves with time on their hands. In former days these were the occasions for dancing and celebration. Consequently,

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
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a veritable epidemic of society dances and ceremonials sprang up, attended by all who could pay the price. Those who knew the songs and rituals suddenly stepped into the limelight, even though they may have had but few war deeds to their credit. Here was a new opportunity to be known, to stand out before all others and to espouse the Indian way of life. Men resolved to join every society and to own every medicine bundle. Then in a smoking ceremony where each could display his ritual accomplishments, even the young who had never seen an enemy camp could compete on equal grounds with the taunts of the old. In terms of property and sacred regalia they might even make these old warriors shy before them.

As a result medicine bundles and society regalia were furiously bought and sold. Each new buyer, showing his generosity by paying more than the previous owner, ridiculed his society enemies for stinginess. Prices for membership in the Horn society soared from a gun and blanket before treaty to a horse, and from one horse to several horses. These prices reflect the favourable conditions for horse-breeding. In five years the number of horses on the reserve doubled, from 540 in 1885 to 1,085 in 1890, according to the agency estimates. In the years around 1900 there were nearly 3,000 horses, and it was not unknown to pay sixty horses for a Medicine Pipe.

Officialdom looked askance upon these activities, for this care-free circus took time away from gardening and prolonged unnecessarily the process of making the Blackfoot self-sufficient. At first the great problems for the agents were in keeping the Indians on the reserve, preventing horse-stealing, and attempting to interest them in the care of their houses and gardens. Then the Sun Dance with its misunderstood torture ceremony became an irritation. Some whites conceived the chief object of the Sun Dance to be the furnishing of a sadistic spectacle to the Indians, who were imagined to smack their lips in delight as the young men tore the skewers from their flesh.[1] As soon as this phase of the ceremony could be abolished, the Sun Dance would disappear, they believed, for the

[1]The Sun Dance was an annual ceremony intended to ensure the people against disaster. The central rites, led by a woman, lasted only four days, but many other events also occurred during this season. Since this was the one time of the year when the entire tribe camped together, it was an occasion for joyful renewing of acquaintance, exchanging property, and feasting bosom companions. Among such varied activities, the torture ceremony was a relatively minor event participated in by a few. These were mainly warriors on a raid who, in peril of their lives, had sought the aid of the sun, vowing that, if they returned safely, they would give flesh in return. If they escaped successfully, these men were obliged to fulfil their side of the contract. In the ceremony skewers were driven through the muscles of the chest and back to be torn loose by the participant in a dance.

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
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CHAPTER FIVE

The Political System

The Band Chieftains

565 554 [701] [622] In buffalo days all eminent persons of the tribe formed an upper class called "*ıstuyi*," i.e., those before whom one is ashamed. This is somewhat the equivalent of the contemporary "*ololamapsi*."[1] Within the *ıstuyi* group there were many degrees of prestige, but it comprised mainly all the war chiefs and band chiefs. Occasionally men were found who were not warriors, but who, because of wisdom or supernatural power, enjoyed respected eminence. Anyone with the requisite number and types of war deeds was considered a war chief. 701 622 The status of war chief is to be carefully distinguished from that of the chief of a band who played a more important function in the social structure of the tribe. Formerly the individual who became a band chief grew from the membership of the band. First, he had [701] [555] to become a war chief who distinguished himself, if not excelled, in feats of battle. This meant *ipso facto* that he was wealthy, for a 622 successful war chief had horses, guns, and scalps which functioned as economic assets. Of these, a good herd of horses was essential. 556 The second major criterion was that he be generous in the use of his wealth for the benefit of others. Anyone at any time might ask such a person for the loan of a horse, gun, or any other article neces- [431] sary for hunting, war, or some emergency. The band chief or any potential band chief frequently handed out these articles, especially horses, as gifts to meritorious persons. Usually eventual reciprocity 622 was expected, except in the case of the poor. The man of eminence also had to maintain a small group of young unmarried men to look after his horses and particularly to hunt for him in order to provide the extra meat needed for guests, widows, and other needy

[1] Cf. p. 101.

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

personal effects for himself or his household. He willingly assumes the burden of care for the aged, as this gives him further prestige through generosity. Only when age curtails his activity can he look for someone to take his place.

From abnegation of the past one becomes a devotee. Old men are paid by the middle-aged to retell stories of war and camp life in the buffalo days. The feats of one's father and grandfathers are venerated so that in comparison the new generation seems inferior. A strong urge comes to revive and relive these times. This is the present position of much ceremonial life, and people participate eagerly. It is a sign of accomplishment to have owned many sacred bundles and joined many societies. Opportunities are sought out to wear buckskin clothing and display one's knowledge of the past. Considerable rivalry exists among authorities to tell the true version of a well-known tale. Of course, the lingering survivors of buffalo days have the upper hand, and to be a person who can still recite *coups* guarantees great respect. Substitute *coups* for those born too late have been adopted, as when a visitor on the Crow reserve seized a knife or a sugar bowl from his host or when a gun was stolen from the unoccupied cabin of a white man. These substitutes, however, remain officially unsanctioned, and old men frequently come from great distances to tell authentic *coups* requisite for proper validation of a ceremonial step.

In the face of these changes one may ask whether white ways lure people away from the approved Indian pattern. Because of the solidarity with the past and with people of one's own kind, total conversion is rare. Some who have given up the hospital for a medicine man later return to the hospital. Former members of sacred societies may attend church services. In this sense conversion occurs, but this is only partial and indeed thoroughly permissible conduct for a devotee of Indian ways. We have observed only two immutable requisites for acceptable Indian conduct. First, the obligations of a social role within the extended family must be observed. Though one septegenarian convert to the Anglican church attended no ceremonials, he was respected for fulfilling his obligations as the eldest in an extended family. Another was a member of a sacred society but was thoroughly despised because of his failure to be generous towards his relatives and to work diligently to fulfill his obligations. Second, there should be no active sabotage of Indian ways. Another elderly convert to the Anglican church fulfilled his social obligations

824 796 262 remainder of the soup was given to one or another of the women, who would take it home to her children.

Although the saskatoon was the berry most often used in making the soup, one informant told us that the choke cherry (Prunus virginiana) was brewed for the Beaver bundle ceremony and by those who had vowed to sponsor a Holy Lodge.

824 [241] [237] The saskatoon also figured in the Tobacco Planting ceremony of the North Blackfoot. The berries were mixed with elk manure and tobacco seed, and the mixture was planted in a small prairie plot.

The saskatoon was referred to as the "real berry bush".

POPLARS

Populus spp.

824 346 The poplars that grow in profusion along the river-bottoms and dominate the parkland bordering the prairie served in Blackfoot religion only for the making of the centerpoles of the ceremonial lodges (Fig. 14).

The centerpoles of the Okan (Holy Lodge of the Sun Dance) and the Motokiks Society lodges were made originally from aspen (Populus tremuloides, Fig. 15); later, any kind of river cottonwood was used. In addition, the Motokiks wore headwreaths of aspen (Fig. 16). The rest of the Motokiks lodge was constructed of travois frames, which were leaned against each other to form a framework for the walls and roof.

292 824 575 575 346 [417]

346 824 796 [575] [701] [778] [555] For the Okan, the pole was chosen by the members of the Horn Society who had acted as scouts. They derived their authority from bundles owned for this purpose. A scout had to be a man renowned for courage and honesty. When he found a suitable tree he counted coup four times before felling it. When it was down, the bystanders rushed to the tree and counted coup on it as though it were an enemy; indeed, that was what it symbolized.

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

19: Forde E-4 (no date) 1952 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

on to it. For the chase men used light pad saddles of soft hide stuffed with hair.

Some Plains tribes made coracles of buffalo hide stretched on willow frames, with paddles to cross deep rivers, but the Blackfoot contented themselves with improvised rafts of poles and buffalo hides, which they propelled by swimming whenever they were compelled to take loads across rivers. The difficulty of swimming horses across wide rivers, especially the Missouri, seems to have had an important effect in retarding the spread of the horse in the northern Plains, and may in part account for the fact that the Blackfoot and other northern Plains tribes appear to have obtained most of their horses, in earlier days, from the Plateau peoples to the south-west.

Warfare The appearance of the horse not only made the successful hunting of the buffalo far easier: it permitted the increase in size and comfort of the tipi and the amount of household goods that could be transported. It also fostered, from the very manner of its introduction, a tradition of raiding which came to dominate Plains life in the two centuries of prosperity before the extinction of the buffalo. The use of these valued 'elk dogs' spread so rapidly largely because they were continually being stolen from the horse tribes by those who did not already possess them. Once acquired there was no strict limit to the number that could be maintained, for although the winter feed was poor, there was room for a great increase in numbers. Thus the acquisition of horses became a main objective of every able-bodied man. But the Indians appear to have acquired very little skill in breeding, and the horse supply was dependent on the capture and taming of those that had run wild and on those stolen or obtained by barter from white men. The demand for horses was thus not easily satisfied, and systematic raiding of the horses of enemy tribes was the regular method by which young men acquired them. Horse raiding was the essential basis of Plains Indians' warfare in the historic period. We have no means of knowing the conditions in pre-horse days, but although it is by no means certain that the warlike habits of the Plains Indians are all of recent development, there can be no doubt that they received an enormous impetus from the appearance of the horse. The status of an individual depended very largely on his personal courage as displayed in raids, and elaborate conventions grew up as to what constituted brave deeds, for which the French trapper's term *coup*, or blow, has come into use. The native weapons of the Blackfoot were the sinew backed bow and arrow and a circular shield of thick rawhide from the neck of a buffalo hide

neck of a buffalo hide. Heavy wooden lances were also used extensively by some tribes in horse days and may have been copied from Spanish models. Plains warfare but rarely involved pitched battles, or, indeed, save where specific motives for revenge existed, the serious reduction of the enemy's strength. Horses, not killing, were the reasons for going 'on the war-path'. A small party set out on foot to the enemy's territory, taking only their weapons, sleeping robes and a small store of dried meat. If possible they crept up to an enemy camp, cut loose the horses and drove them off. Conflict followed only if they were discovered or pursued. Among the Blackfoot the capture of an enemy's weapons ranked highest as a deed. Among some other tribes, where the counting of coups was more formally elaborated, the touching of an enemy ranked first, with the capture of weapons and horses as subsidiary deeds. Coups could, among some tribes like the Cheyenne, be counted by several persons on a single enemy, and they ranked in strict order of touching, irrespective of who actually wounded or killed him. These deeds, recorded in picture writing on tipi walls and buffalo robes, constituted a sort of heraldry. Whenever a man was called upon to play a part in a social or ceremonial function he first recounted his deeds.

Alternating periods of friendship and strife were the relations of the Blackfoot to other tribes, but, like other Plains tribes, the Blackfoot had traditional enemies like the Cree, Assiniboine and Crow, and also allies, such as the Sarcee and less permanently the Gros Ventre, against whom the elders forbade the young warriors to raid. The frequent contact of tribe with tribe, whether in war or peace, was facilitated by the development of elaborate gesture symbols, or 'sign language', which was uniform over wide areas, irrespective of the fundamental differences in speech.

Rank among the Blackfoot depended not only on military prowess but also on the possession of 'medicines', that is, of rituals, and the objects necessary for their performance, which would ensure the success of some project or desire, be it health, a journey, a raid, a hunt or another ceremony. The 'medicines' were owned by individuals and transferred from one to another for payments. These were, however, not primarily commercial transactions, but their full consideration cannot be undertaken here. The ritual apparatus was usually wrapped in bundles of otter or some other valued skin. While most older men possessed some medicine the owners of the 'medicine pipe bundles' were the senior and most entitled to respect. On the rank of their medicine depended the place at a feast, the order of speech

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

outside and surrounded the lodge. The Bloods knew that they were in for trouble. An argument finally erupted, causing all the Bloods to jump up and aim their guns at the chief. Hate Woman was carrying her six-shooter, which she aimed along with the rest. Then Weasel Tail gave out a mighty roar, to impress the people with his power.

Sliding Down called out to the people, in their own language, that Weasel Tail was a ferocious man who had killed many people with his power, which came from the Grizzly. The people became afraid and rushed away to seek shelter, giving Weasel Tail's party a chance to escape.

After this the party split up, Weasel Tail, Hate Woman, and one other man heading south to try again for Crow horses. On the way they encountered a lone enemy—a Crow man—whom they thought about killing and scalping. But when he came close they saw that he looked very pitiful and they knew that he was mourning. It turned out he had lost his wife and didn't care if he lived or died, so Weasel Tail made a prayer to Sun, asking for future pity for himself, and he let the man go. He and his wife met the same man again, in 1926, during an Indian celebration.

The three made their way back to the Crow country and managed to steal fourteen good horses, with which they returned to their own camps safely. Hate Woman was asked to recount this adventure during the tribal Sun Dance, which was a great and unusual honor for a woman.

RUNNING EAGLE—WOMAN WARRIOR OF THE BLACKFEET

Running Eagle has become the most famous woman in the history of the Blackfoot Nation because she gave up the work of the household in exchange for the war trails usually followed by men. In fact, she became so successful on her war adventures that many men called her a chief and eagerly followed her whenever she would take them.

tribe. Among her companions were some of the same men who had been on her first war raid, including her cousin/brother, with whom she was spending a lot of her time. This time, instead of wearing her buckskin dress, she had on a new suit of warrior's clothing, including leggings, shirt, and breechcloth. She also carried a fine rawhide war shield, that had been given to her by the man who married the widow woman who had moved into the orphan household some time before.

The second raid turned out quite successfully, although one member of the party was killed. They captured a herd of over six hundred horses, and killed a number of the enemy during a fight which followed their discovery during the raiding. The young woman was shot at, and would have been killed, but the two arrows both struck her shield, instead of her body.

The next time that the tribe gathered for the annual medicine lodge ceremony, the young woman was asked to get up with the other warriors and tell the people about her war exploits. Other women had done so, but they had usually gone in the company of their husbands and had not accomplished such fearless deeds as she. When she finished her stories the people applauded with drum beats and war whoops, as was the custom. Then the head chief of the tribe, a man named Lone Walker, is said to have honored her in a way never known to have been done for a woman. After a short talk and a prayer, he gave her a new name—Running Eagle—an ancient name carried by several famous warriors in the tribe before her. In addition, the Braves Society of young warriors invited her to become a member, which honor she is said to have accepted as well.

From that point on, Running Eagle, the young woman warrior, became the leader of the war parties she went with, no longer a follower. I cannot say how many such war raids she went on, nor how many horses she captured, nor enemies she killed. There are many different legends about them.

which rows of beadwork alternated with rows of cowrie shells, or sometimes with elk teeth. This style was especially common on the lighter cloth dresses that became the most popular style from the eighteen nineties to the nineteen twenties. The beadwork done on these light dresses was often with large tubular beads known as "basket beads." The bottoms of these dresses were quite full, and usually decorated with many parallel rows of ribbons in different widths and colors. Sateen was a popular material during that period, and many different colors were used. They were usually made with a sewing machine and neatly hemmed. The sleeves were sewn shut all the way, and the tops were often lined on the inside to support the beads and shells.

The widespread use of cloth brought on many new variations to women's dresses. One popular style used a cape, decorated with beadwork and shells, which could be worn over any plain calico dress. Some capes were actually the decorated remnants of worn-out cloth dresses. Some cloth dresses were decorated with buckskin additions that were fringed. Some dresses were made of velvet, with decorations of ribbons and metal sequins. The most valuable dresses had their tops covered with elk teeth or cowrie shells.

TANNING

In my grandmothers' days a woman was judged by the way her tanning looked. A good tanner was considered an industrious woman, while a bad tanner was considered lazy. I guess they figured that if a woman couldn't tan well then she couldn't do much else well, either. This was back in the days when leather was a basic article in the daily life of the people.

There were a number of variations to the basic process of making fresh hides into prepared leather. The variations de-

MAKING BUCKSKINS

Buckskins are the soft hides that we use to make our best clothing with. If I am going to make a new dress for myself, or a shirt for my husband, then I would try my best to make real soft buckskins. A woman is judged by the way her tanning looks, whether she is a good worker or not. I don't know how many hides I have tanned in my lifetime, nor how many pieces of clothing I have made from them.

You begin by taking the fresh deer skin and stretching it out to dry, the same way as a calf skin with the hair on. You cut all the flesh and fat off with a knife. When the hide is dry you take it down and lay it across something solid, like a log. You leave the hair side up and you start taking the hair off with a scraper. You make sure all the hair is off, even the little short hairs underneath the long ones. If you leave some of the hair the hide will be hard to handle. You scrape the flesh side of the hide, also. You may wet it and stretch it back out to do that.

When the hide is clean and smooth on both sides, then you start to treat it. My own mixture is pig fat mixed with a little bit of coal oil [kerosene]. You rub that in until the hide turns nearly white, that's when the oil has soaked in all the way.

While it is soaking you get a tub of hot water and mix in some soap. Some people put salt in this mixture, too. Then you put the hide in this water and you weight it down. When it has soaked real well then you take the hide out and wring it. Usually I put it around a post and I use a good stick to twist the hide until the water stops dripping from it. Then you take it and start rubbing it and stretching it as it dries. Some people use an old scythe blade tied to a post to rub the hide back and forth, through.

This rubbing and drying is the part that makes it soft, so you have to work hard. If you get tired you just wrap the hide in a damp cloth until you are rested. Then you rub some

793
holy place of the Medicine Lodge ceremony is a 796
woman, a virtuous woman who has lived a [156]
straight life and knows the Good Spirits. The
holy woman's spiritual responsibilities are many
and her physical sufferings are strong. That's why
it was unusual to have as many as seven making
the sacred vows in one year.

Only a woman who has lived a pure life will [782]
approach the Holy Powers and offer to exchange
her physical suffering for the spiritual good of her
People. The vow is usually made in a time of
extreme need, such as a severe illness in her fam-
ily or a male relative gone on the warpath. (The 721
last battle between enemy war parties was fought 555
five years before the 1892 Okan. However, many 178
Blood men were still following the traditional
practice of proving their bravery and finding ad-
venture by raiding for horses or material trophies
in places distant from the reserve. This continued
well into the present century.)

After a woman has vowed to make the sacri- 782
fice of putting up the Medicine Lodge, she goes 796
to an old man, usually a respected member of her
family, and walks with him outdoors. He calls out
for Sun and all the Holy Powers to hear that this
woman is seeking protection for her family and
herself, so that she might fulfill her vow for the
good of all the People. The vow is usually made
during wintertime, giving her half the year to pre-
pare for the holy ceremony—the erection of the
holy temple in the center of the Sun Dance camp.

Early in the summer of 1892, the People of 796
the Blood tribe began to gather on the large flat
that lies north of Stand Off and to the east below
the Belly Buttes. Nearby was a large grove of cot- [372]
tonwoods where firewood was gathered. Next to
the camp flowed fresh mountain water in the
Belly River.

As the Blood tribe forms a division of the 619
Blackfoot Confederacy, so do several lesser bands 628
form divisions within the Bloods. In the Old [361]
Days, these lesser bands often camped apart from
each other, depending on their preferences of

[p. 22-A]

mounted men and women accompanying them. All had wreaths of green leaves upon their heads and were singing the same song referred to before. The pole, a large cottonwood tree, was brought on a wagon followed by many travoix loaded with boughs. The procession came around the back of the shelter and stopped at front of the medicine lodge, where they unloaded the pole, as related. 796 [292] [924]

The Center Pole was unloaded from its wagon inside the unfinished Medicine Lodge. Its butt end rested on the ground near the hole it was to go in; its forked end was propped up in the air so that it could be lifted easily later. But before that, the ceremony known as "cutting the hide" had to be performed. The green, or raw, beef hide mentioned earlier was cut round and round into a long, narrow strip. This strip was in turn cut into lengths for tying together the poles of the Medicine Lodge. Since these strips were to hold up the Temple of the Holy Spirits, a strong man was needed to ensure that the hide was properly cut. In the long-ago days, the hide-cutter was a man known to have performed at least four brave deeds. Recently, an old man who had committed such deeds came forward and recounted them while holding up the hand of the hide-cutter. After this, a former hide-cutter painted his successor and prayed for him. 796 346 291 [555]

Roached Mane, who had been hide-cutter at the Okan previous to 1892, sat before the uncut hide, waiting for someone to come forward and accept the duty from him. Members of the Horns Society approached him and began singing and dancing, while "one of their members, Old Bull Horn, counted 4 coups." The coups represented brave deeds such as touching an enemy, stealing a horse or weapon, or taking a scalp. [555]

A[i.e., members of the Horns Society--Analyst]

[P.31-A]

Lazy Going Man's 2 children were brought in and painted, then both were mounted upon a horse. Their father stood up and presented a rifle to the outgoing "hide cutters" party by laying it upon the ground. His wife and others also made various presents of lodge furniture and wearing apparel. 796 431 852

Lazy Going Man was a close friend of Gambler, the new hide-cutter. By contributing presents to the past hide-cutter, he was helping Gambler assume his new duties. At the same time, he obtained the right to help his friend with the sacred hide-cutting. Having his children painted was to give them the inspiration to look for success in later life. [424] [302]

The hide was then uncovered and spread out; Gambler stood up before it and made a speech. He, Strangled Wolf and Lazy Going Man each counted 4 coups . . . holding the knife in hand as he did so. . . . Gambler, assisted by others, cut up the hide. Beginning at the tail, he cut around the edge and continued cutting until the whole hide was made into a single, long thong about an inch in width, the tail being one extremity. To the tip of the tail was tied an eagle tail feather. The offerings were now all brought from where they had been piled behind the A-Kax [Medicine Lodge] and were tied to the ends of all the rafters. Many of the offerings were also tied to the [top] end of the centre pole, as it lay, and others were wrapped and tied about the middle. . . . The tail end of the raw hide was now pulled along and made fast to the top end of the centre pole, in such a manner that the ox-tail [beef hide] would hang near the ground when this pole became erect. The raw hide was then all cut into lengths sufficient to tie the smaller poles together . . . and several men went to work tying them. 796 281 [555] [237] [782] [346]

The tail left hanging down from the Center Pole represents the tail that hung from the bot- 796 346 773

Late in the afternoon those members of the Pigeon Society [who were able to relate personal exploits of bravery] formed a line, standing. Two of them rode a single horse; the others were all dismounted. They began to sing and approached the A-Kax and entered, then took a position in two rows; the riders rode their horses once completely around the enclosure, passing at the back between the banner [Weather Dancers' booth] and centre pole. Four Tom-toms [hand drums] and the same number of rattles were obtained for music. While the Pigeons danced and sang, relatives brought in piles of goods which were deposited at the feet of the dancer related to the giver. These presents were all gathered up by an old man and distributed to other people. Eagle Ribs [the uncle of our Mokakin] was taken by the arm and led out to the centre and left standing there. Pails of food were now brought in; generally a row of 4 or more pails were strung upon a stick and carried in by two squaws, each taking an end of the stick. Squaws [a foreign word to us, even though Wilson uses it often; a man calls his wife Aki, "woman," or Nitokeman, "my wife"] always put down the pails, and either left the enclosure or joined the crowd of women at the south and near the entrance. The food was distributed to all the people who had seated themselves inside, with bowls in front of them. Next pipes were filled, presented to an old man, blessed and smoked. They then danced three times without changing their positions in rows. Bob Tailed Chief [then a young member of the Pigeon Society—he later became one of our holy leaders] went and placed a stick at the feet of an old man, which meant that he had given him a horse, at which the old man stood up and made a long blessing over the liberal young man, whose wife came forward and shared it with him. A 4th dance was indulged in at close of which they danced out. Time was 8:10.

796 431 [575] [555] [534] [601] [276] [792]

The Pigeon Society was composed of young men who had few exploits to their record, and so

575 561 796

Powers took it up to the top of the Center Pole, where the ropes were fastened, and then up to Sun, who was looking down on the ceremony. 796 785

The remainder of that day was taken up with ceremonies that helped the People learn some of the history of their tribe. Men came forward who had personal exploits, mainly war adventures, to their record, and proceeded to tell their stories, giving a demonstration of the main scenes. Wilson for some reason calls these men dancers. 796 536 537 555

The dancers, one at a time, now related their heroic deeds in a theatrical manner, during which they would go through all sorts of antics in imitations of the original event. Some built little lodges on the ground and alongside were placed two or three little boys, who represented so many picketed horses, and led them away or else made a bold dash and captured them that way. In other cases, the boaster would enlist the services of some of the other dancers and would divide them into two parties, one representing the enemy, the other his own. The squad, acting as the enemy, would stoop low behind an imaginary shelter and watch the others approach the horses to be stolen. When the horse-thieves were almost upon their prey, the others would suddenly jump in sight and fire off their guns in the air, then a sham battle would ensue during the cause of which one or more of the participators would fall as dead, and undergo the operation of scalping, and in some cases have both hands cut off, showing how the killed had been used in the fight long ago. Each man who entered the O-Kon as a member of a dancing party related his deeds of valor during which his relatives brought in goods and presented them to the sacred gathering. The people present took more than a usual interest in certain of these rehearsals which were those of events in tribal history dear to the memory of all. This pride was, of course, more noticeable during the narratives of the older men. A comical feature of these performances appeared in their manner of

showing mounted men as distinct from those who had fought on foot. The former would thrust a stick between his legs with the end trailing on the ground and ride it about the arena exactly like we used to in our boyhood. This absurd pantomime was performed numbers of times by middle-aged Indians who in their ordinary life were most circumspect in matters of behaviour. Several hours were spent thus, until the last warrior had related his glorious deeds. Much ammunition was shot off and all kinds of trophies were captured from bogus enemies. Each here began his story by mounting a horse and riding it around the inside of the sacred lodge, singing his war song and shouting. He would then dismount, hand the horse to someone outside, and enter upon the details of his past.

Thus ended the second day of activities inside of the Medicine Lodge. The Crazy Dogs and the Black Soldiers, both leading societies of brave warriors, have always had a great many exploits to relate during the Medicine Lodge ceremonies. Two more societies were to tell and perform their stories during the next several days. Meanwhile, the camp was silent again.

On the next day, Sunday, no one entered the structure until late, 4 or 5 o'clock in the evening [the Weather Dancers were inside, of course]; [then entered] the principal heroes in the society called "Crow Carriers." Their performances were much like the former, and one used a wagon to illustrate how he had killed some Cree he found travelling in a cart. This exploit could not be acted inside the O-Kon, so he and those who assisted him went outside to the front or East and performed the first part of the tragedy, which ended after a retreat inside the sacred lodge. In this case the boaster took by main force a gun from the hands of a living foe and afterwards slew him with a knife. A man, Sum-a-ke, appeared in the torture paint and, after sitting on the ground

[p. 39-B]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

who have been painted during [the] ceremony of transfer also wear the beads. It sometimes happens that an Indian does not keep the pipe the alotted four years [as was common for some Medicine Pipe Bundles and society memberships in the Old Days]; a sick person's relatives may ask him for it inside of a few months of his possession of it. 000 778

A sick man often declares that he will take [the] pipe if he recovers, or will take it to recover. Upon [such] declaration he sometimes goes to lodge of owner, and pipe is unrolled and laid against his shoulders, chest, head, and wounds, with prayers all over his person. He takes it and pressing his lips against [the] pipe, prays for health. [782] [755]

The Sacred pipe has always a recognized value in horses, and the candidate knows how many cayuses [ponies] were paid by present owner of pipe and that he must pay a like number. [To pay less] would be considered an insult to the pipe and would deserve punishment in shape of bad luck. 778 432 [626]

Value of pipes run from 3 to 25 horses [amongst] the Bloods; these horses need not all be paid by the candidate; his friends, relatives and comrades may help him by donating a horse or two and there are generally enough willing ones for two reasons, e.g., a person paying one horse at a friend's initiation is entitled to have a child decorated at the ceremony of transferring the pipe and said child will bear more or less of a charmed life. And when his friend disposes of the pipe at end of four years or longer, his horse can be returned to him out of those paid by last purchaser. It is, therefore, a mutual advantage, for without friends so inclined the intending pipe holders might not be able to get the high priced article. [Wilson's statements are basically correct, but the helping friends and relatives were also motivated to have the Bundle in their area of the camps. The requirement for "payments" did not limit Bundle ownership to "wealthy" persons in 778 432 [435] [852] [114]

[p. 126-B] [555]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

the Old Days, only to ambitious persons. Anyone not wealthy but who had enough ambition and spiritual power could go out on a raid and bring home enough horses to take care of the physical sacrifice.] 778 432 [555]

"High sleeper" paid sixteen out of his twenty-one horses. He had lost all his relations but one and bought the pipe to change his luck. I witnessed the ceremony of his purchase which took place in the lodge of Crop Eared Wolf [the adopted son of Head Chief Red Crow, who later became his successor], who had owned the pipe for ten years. I also was present at the transfer of a pipe from "Roach Mane" [the young-man name of Ponah's father, Iron] to "Brave Bear." 778 432 796 [782] [435]

The following description I write after being present at four Thunder dances: -

Inside the lodge, directly opposite the entrance, is a space occupied by a cushion to receive the pipe which was now outside, where it always stands in fine weather during the day, leaning on two sticks against the west side of the lodge. On each side of this space and extending around the lodge to the entrance in two half circles are arranged blankets and quilts for seats for the visitors who soon begin to arrive; the host (who is seated with the cushion at his left hand) tells each person where to sit; four or five men, who are good singers and know the songs used on these occasions, are told to take their places on the left of the entrance and are given tom-toms. [353] [533] [534]

The Master of Ceremonies, or Priest, of the occasion, who is never the host but someone who knows all the songs of the pipe, of which there are a great many, and who is well versed in the mystic rites or functions in connection with the sacred pipes, takes his place next to space for pipe, sitting opposite to host, the cushion space being between them. [793]

In front of cushion, between it and the fire, is a square hole dug in the ground, size about 9 or 10 inches square, and two or three inches deep; its sides being at right angles with the cushion. Upon

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony 1890's]

done at S.W. where the other red plume is placed, then N.W. and N.E. corners [in] which are stuck the black plumes. Two small willow sticks painted red, about 2 feet long, [are] stuck upright in the ground in front of and close to the bundle, a third is tied across horizontally near tops of them, four waves being made to altar before each stick is placed in position. The mouth ends of the two pipestems are placed resting upon this crosspiece, a stuffed owl is laid with it, head also upon the crosspiece end of long wood. A quantity of tobacco, generally a 3 lb. carrot of H.B.C. [Hudson's Bay Company, which was often supplied by Wilson from his trading post] tobacco, is now divided up by host and a piece given to priest who, breaking off a small particle, holds it out in front of him and, often giving a short prayer to the earth, pushes the balance into the earth. One of the old men present counts a couple of coups which are loudly applauded. Four children, or as many as the host has, or any child relative whose parents wish it to be painted, are brought forward, and painted by Priest. All is now ready for dancing which is started by Priest, who takes some article from the Sacred Outfit, generally the fancy stem of pipe, and dances around the lodge and out through the entrance. He often has in one hand this whistle which he points up to the sun and earth, blowing as he dances, and shaking the pipestem which has a great many bells on it. After turning around outside he dances back through lodge and having danced four times, hands articles to host, who prays to them [or with them, as I have said] and puts them in their place. After some chatting, the drums start up again and sing three songs and at the fourth, one of those men present who have owned a Sacred Pipe gets up and dances around the lodge, dancing towards the pipe three times, holding out his hands as if he would take it; the fourth time he takes it and often one of the other articles and dances with them in his hands. Each man dances to four songs [actually one song, sung

796 432 778 [824] [237] [276] [439] [782] [555] [302] [852] 796 432 778 535 [534] [782] [533]

[p. 128-8]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

sidered to be a bad sign. A piece falling from a sacred object, an error made in the singing, a rattle or drumstick dropped, or a person falling down, particularly if caused by the negligence of the participant, will cause the marked person to immediately ask some old man to call out four brave deeds, in the hope that the old man's powers in times of danger will help prevent possible misfortune as a result of the accident.] 796 432 778 787 [789] [555]

Sometimes a woman is allowed to take the pipe at these dances and clumsily dances [this is a gross interpretation of the smooth dancing done by women; an ideal woman remains very dignified during social occasions and does not dance with the glamour and obvious enthusiasm shown by the men], facing a minute to each of the five points of the compass [actually, four]. There are generally some extra moves in the ceremony of unrolling the Calumet peculiar to each pipe; for instance in one case, before dancing, a squaw takes a drum stick and strikes two blows on each of the lodge poles that the entrance is between [the spiritual purpose of this to notify the sacred lodge that loud noise, in the form of drumming, is about to commence], in another case a forked stick is used to rest the head of the stuffed owl upon, this stick stuck upright between the other red willows. 796 432 778 535 [562] [823]

The following narrative is also from Wilson's notebook of the 1890s. He calls this story a "Calumet Transfer." 796 432 778

When an Indian has once said that he will take the Sacred Pipe, he must not fail to keep his promise, for he is sure to be visited with misfortune should he so trifle with the Sacred. Nowadays a man names the day that he will pay the horses and be initiated. Formerly, it was customary to leave that to the owner and priests who would take him by surprise the night before the transfer was due to take place. The pipe is unrolled with the same ceremony as in Thunder [127] [626]

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Stephen Fox in his old age. He is praying and calling out four coups for the leader of the Horns Society, during our Sun Dance Encampment a few years ago. He holds the leader's swan-skin-wrapped staff. Stephen Fox lived to be almost a hundred, and remained very active until his death, at which time he was survived by many children—some of them older men and some still quite small.

[555] ●

[165]

In later years, the Pipe was owned in succession by Owns No Fancy Horses, Eagle Head, Heavy Shield, Old Man, Sleeps on Top, who was Stephen Fox's father, and Crop-Eared Wolf, our head chief after Red Crow's death. Crop-Eared Wolf gave one hundred horses as a sacrifice for the Pipe. This was back in the days when he was known by the name Many Horses. The Buffalo Days were ended by that time.

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793

[435]

Crop-Eared Wolf had the Pipe for a number of years. He gave it to Wolf Chief, also known as Big Wolf. Big Wolf had a fifteen-year-old daughter named Ambush Woman, who was his minipoka. She married a young man by the name of Parted Hair and her father gave his new son-in-

[425]

[513]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 148B]
[P. 147-B]

Bundle's blue-bead wristlets. The wristlets for the Long-Time Pipe stayed in Weaselhead's family for many years. The original drums from the Bundle are now owned by Many Grey Horses. They are often used at the opening ceremonies of our remaining sacred Pipes. 778 793 [432] [301] [534]

Bobtail Chief transferred the Long-Time Pipe to Stephen Fox, who vowed to take it during an illness. Stephen Fox was a successful rancher who owned many horses. Bobtail Chief did not think that enough of those horses were being sacrificed for something so Powerful as our Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer ceremony, after he had looked outside at the payments, he came back in and told the drummers to sing a special song in which he said, "I do not see that fine gray team among your payments."- Stephen Fox quickly sent someone after the matched team, which he had hoped not to lose. [782] [432] [435] [796] [533]

Stephen Fox was known by the name White-Plastering-His-Home until he became Owner of the Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer, he took on the name Big Eagle. This was in keeping with our tradition, which allows a person to take a new name for noteworthy accomplishment: a first coup, a long-distance journey, or a major role within our tribe. [551] [553] [555]

Stephen Fox left behind a large family when he died a few years ago. Some of them are well known in reserve politics, business, social affairs, and news media. He got the Fox name when, as a young boy, he was sent to school with his sister. The teachers did not care to learn the students' traditional names, so they decided to give them all "proper" names. Because his sister's name was Medicine Fox Woman, they were both given the last name of Fox. [551]

Calling First wanted to have the Long-Time Pipe, even though Stephen Fox did not wish to give it up so soon. So he decided to make sure of a transfer by stealing the Pipe from Stephen Fox. Fifty-two horses were among the payments made during that transfer. Calling First had the distinc- [432] [582] [584]

tion of having been married to a ten-year-old girl when he was only twelve. The marriage was arranged by their parents. It is said that Calling First used to have his mother watch his wife while he went out to play with his friends. [778] [793] [582] [584]

During the 1930s our next-door neighbor, old Dick Soup, made a vow to take the Long-Time Pipe for his son, Arthur, who was then in a hospital. The following year Arthur returned home, and the Pipe was transferred to him. Old Bird Rattler called out the necessary coups while Soup was given the right to mount a horse (by tradition this required a man to relate how he had rescued a friend during battle) and to dismount (for which the coup had to be about an enemy who was pulled from his horse). Of course, no one today has such deeds among his record of accomplishments. [782] [432] [796] [555] [424] [425]

The next Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was Henry Standing Alone, also known as Folded Intestine. He and his wife were well-liked participants in our holy ceremonies. Unfortunately, they were killed recently in a tragic auto accident. Around 1939, Folded Intestine's daughter was very ill and he became depressed and lost his faith in our Old Ways. He wondered why his little girl had to suffer so much instead of him. But his daughter recovered and then he became critically ill. It took three months for him to get well again. While almost dead, he had a dream in which he was told that if he vowed to accept the duties of a Medicine Pipe Bundle, he would recover. He related his dream to two older relatives, Heavy Head and Cross Child, both former Medicine Pipe Keepers. They offered to help him fulfill his vow if he wished to follow their advice. They told him that since no particular Bundle had been mentioned in the dream, he might just as well vow the Powerful Long-Time Pipe. The Bundle was transferred to him during the next Sun Dance Encampment. [165] [771] [787] [782] [755]

Standing Alone transferred the Long-Time Pipe to his sister and her husband, John Red

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1891]

stooping as before, the squaw bringing up the rear. 575 796

The same ceremony was gone through with the 4 large war bonnets, but the latter moved in a direction contrary to the course of the Sun while the others followed it. The candidates were at once dressed in their new clothing and Running Wolf, Bear Back Bone and another stood up in a row as before, while White Calf 4 times prayed aloud that the rain should not fall. The blanket Bear Back Bone had received was folded up and laid upon the ground. Its owner took a kneeling position, facing it. White Calf made a pass with both hands from the altar to Bear Back Bone's head, one to his shoulder, a 3rd to his waist and the 4th to his hips, giving this time a gentle push at which Bear Back Bone jumped nimbly over the blanket without altering his stooping position. He sat upon the blanket while Running Wolf was put through the same maneuver, then all ditto. 432 [782]

This finished the installment of the new members and now they prepared for the dance. Four drums we brought in and deposited at the middle of the circle, and the head-dresses were all placed upon their new owners. An old Chief "Morning Paper" [Morning Writing] counted 4 coups, and the drummers struck up at once. All the staffs were pulled up and all the men, new members, old, and instructors, jumped to their feet and the dance began. The step was one peculiar to the Society, and a rather lively one for some of the older men to perform. They held their poles in front, lowering the tops to about an angle of 45 degrees. At intervals they would reverse all together and dance facing the low wall of the enclosure. They all made a continual peculiar sound, something between a coo and a low shout and in time to the drums. The dance lasted about 4 minutes, during which they reversed 4 or 5 times. Next they formed a procession, led by one wearing a large war bonnet which had an arrow sticking in head piece. They danced towards the entrance. As many times as the leader reversed, all 575 796 432 535 [555]

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1891]

themselves to be publicly kissed. In fact there was not a smile upon the face of any of the actors, nothing to suggest anything other than a religious duty, but I could not restrain a smile as I saw Spotted Bull, who is a notorious wag, solemnly kissing the wife of Mas-tak-ath who is one of the most handsome women in the tribe. White Calf stood behind two men and a woman, facing the East, and shouted aloud a prayer. They then faced the South, he prayed again; changing to the West again, he called out a prayer and finally repeating with faces to the North they all sat down. 575 796 432 [832] [782]

A group of women and old people, not members of the Society, were sitting near the circle of dancers, for the purpose of having prayers shouted over them. The dancers stood close to these sitting people and facing them always so that they had to move in a circle themselves in facing the 4 different directions. This performance was repeated by two other parties of four persons each. Next a dance was indulged in. The main party danced in a circle around those sitting on the ground, being led by one with the arrow in his war bonnet. The other three with large headdresses danced outside of the rest and circled in the opposite direction, and against the Sun. The speed was increased to a fast hop and then the leader stopped suddenly and without turning hopped backwards 5 or 6 times for perhaps half of the circle, during which they reversed as often as they halted. After a brief pause the dance was repeated and, in all, it was done 4 times; then all sat down. Running Wolf's crook was carried over to some old men who sat about 50 yards to the north of the party; one of these took Running Wolf's crook and counted 4 coups. The drummers beat an applause or response after each coup and the crook was carried back to its owner. The same was done for the second leader. 575 796 432 535 [555]

After a rather extended rest, they all got up and the closing dance was performed. "Little Shield," the wearer of the war bonnet with the arrow in it, not being an active man, handed his

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 210-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

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Atsitsina and relatives displaying the saddle horse, shawl, and headdress being paid by Fred Eagle Plume for his membership in the Horns. [435] [424]

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enacted during each summer's dance, the symbolic battle ending when the leader fires his gun into the air and charges through the crowd of children, who are the "enemy." 575 432 796 [541]

As part of their performance, the Horns gave away rations of food to all the adults in the crowd. At the same time, the staffs of the two leaders were blessed by two old men who each called out four brave deeds. The leader's Swan Staff was brought to our Old Man; it had once been his, when he had been leader of the Horns. He called out four exploits of horse raiding, and said a prayer. The other staff was taken to Ben Calf Robe, the old man who had come down to visit the encampment from his home on the North Blackfoot Reserve. He had also been a member of the Horns Society, which is now inactive there. [431] [782] [555] [887]

also probably took place with others, like the Crows and Piegans. The most important Grass Dance items were two feather belts, or "Crow bustles," which were transferred just like other Medicines. They are still among our People at this time.

Two aspects of the Grass Dance Society did not endure very long among our People. One concerned the eating of dogs, which was a custom among those who originated the dance, but was despised by most of the Bloods. The other concerned the method of joining the society. Old members would elect new members, rather than bringing them in by transfer. As an exception, memberships were transferred among those owning important pieces of dance regalia. But eventually it all became a social affair, without memberships of any kind.

Grass Dances were held either outdoors or in dance houses, which were special log buildings. Atsitsina tells this story of one place, down along the Bullhorn River, called Black Place to Dance.

I have been to dances on a lot of different reservations. . . . We have different songs for different kinds of people who come to the Parted-Hairs Dance [Grass Dance]. We will have a song and dance for a very brave man, also for a person who got wounded; for a person whose horse got killed in battle; for a person that got beaten; for a scared person; for a person who has had many wives; for persons that gave many presents; and one for a person who has cut a horse from in front of an enemy's door. The last song was usually for those who were wounded in battle; they are the ones who lead the others out of the dance house after reenacting their war experiences.

Those long knives—some of the members carried long knives [swords] originally taken from the enemy. A person that doesn't want to dance will get slapped on the leg with the long knife. But if they get slapped too hard then they are given a present. . . . And there is a whip. Once it was used to whip Crow horses. We got it in a raid and we used it for getting people up to dance.

[P. 221-A]

In the Old Days, men danced to express their spiritual and physical powers and to stimulate their enthusiasm for bravery and for thoughts about life in harmony with nature. The dancers wore their fanciest war clothes and most spiritual dream symbols. Often they imitated their spiritual helpers, dressing and dancing in imitation of some bird or animal. The steps were usually slow and all the movements emphasized symbolic meanings. The men danced to inspire each other when they gathered with their society comrades. They danced to arouse the courage of a departing war party and they danced to celebrate the victory when the party returned successfully. In victory dances, the victors often took no part. Instead, their relatives, often wives or mothers, put on their war dress and bonnets and carried the trophies of the victorious battle around the dance circle. Guns and scalps were commonly held aloft, while the bearer called out the relative's name and praised his bravery and success.

As life in harmony with nature changed, so did the dancing. Dancing became more and more of a social affair, where the People gathered to sing and visit. As modern clothing replaced traditional dress, the social dances also became one of the few opportunities for the People to wear the old-time clothing. Those who could afford fancy clothes found this an opportunity to express their wealth and material success. The young men, of course, found these social dances fine for showing off and courting young women. Here is how Atsitsina remembers it:

The ladies will sit to one side, at a dance, and the men will sit on the other side. Before a lady

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 224-A]
[p. 222-A]

or Moon, made the night quite dark, especially down among the many bushes and willow groves that line the Bullhorn River. Even in the open spaces, between the many growths, it was difficult to see the well-worn paths along the dark ground. My progress was challenged whenever I neared shrubs or bushes. Branches were continually sneaking out of the dark and stabbing me here and there. My scarf covered my earrings, but I'm sure many a war-going man in the Old Days left an earring hanging on an unseen branch, and continued on his trail with a painfully slit ear. Think of the eyeballs that must have suffered similar fates, now and then. 123

Finally I decided to walk out in the wind of the open prairie. If you have ever felt melancholy while walking alone at night, then you can imagine how it was on that open prairie at that time of night, the nearest house a mile away, its occupants quietly sleeping. I could barely imagine being several hundred miles from home and camps of familiar people, barely imagine how it would be to know that a hidden enemy might suddenly appear out of the darkness or that a war party was behind me on my trail. Can you imagine the bravery needed by a man actually looking for a camp of unfriendly people to steal their horses? Can you see why men were considered very Powerful if they survived many such experiences? Can you imagine how safe the family of such a man felt when he was at home in their tipi? Can you imagine how strong a group of people felt if they were being led by a man who had a successful record of many such experiences? [555]

Walking alone across the prairie quickly impresses one with the vastness of the universe and the insignificance of the self. It becomes easy to see why our Old People relied on spiritual help from the Powers of nature in situations where their physical bodies might be instantly destroyed. The stronger one felt the Powers of nature with one, the more Powerful one felt under physically dangerous circumstances.

a mock conversation with himself to make our foes think that we were all there. Then we would all crawl out and try to pass between the fires when the Crows were not in sight. We were driven back each time. They had us so completely hemmed in that a hundred of them seemed to spring up in whatever direction we started for. After half of the night had passed, I thought of an old trick and decided to give it a try. I set fire to a big pine tree, which made a very dense black smoke. The prevailing breeze kept the smoke in a large black cloud down close to the ground. Keeping well within the smoke, I led them out, crawling past our enemies, and we reached the bushes unseen. I expect they watched our burning tree a long time before they guessed its purpose. 159 726

We arrived safely at our main camp, which was at Bear Paw Mountain, and learned that the man in the crevice had arrived some time before us and told the chiefs of our plight. The chiefs had decided to wait 4 days for us. They said that no besieged party could hold out for more than 3 days without water and little ammunition. But during those three days we escaped, travelled home and arrived on the 4th. The people were very angry with Big Snake for making such a bungle of the expedition. All the chiefs accused him of cowardness and bad judgment; his life was even threatened. I was given much praise for having saved the lives of the party. My coat was full of bullet and arrow holes, as were also the garments of many of the others. After the escape, the first time I unbraided my hair a big lock of it came loose in my hand; it had been cut off by a Crow bullet. You can judge how busy we were defending ourselves when I did not notice that bullet. 159 727 [558] [555]

[p.245-B]

not let go of the bridle but the animal I was leading got away when I fell, galloping back home at his top speed. I led my horse far out on the prairie, until I grew tired of walking and again ventured on his back. Fortunately, he had recovered from his uneasiness and gave me no more trouble. As day broke, I saw for the first time that my horse was a fine buckskin. When I neared the fort, my stud again began to dance, and in that style I went in, the horse prancing sideways, showing first one side then the other, my goods with many bells jingling in time to the horse's movements. When I saw the black looks of envy upon the faces of the warriors observing my return, I felt amply revenged for all their insults. 159 726 883 [727]

I tied up my horse and unloaded my captures. The men all came around as I turned out the contents of the bags. Everyone admired the number and quality of my trophies. In one pair of the bags was a man's suit complete, shirt, leggings, all of the very finest of an Indian chief's ornamented clothing. Those bags contained much more than we Bloods put in our bags. The Crows seemed to keep all of their finery in their bags, even beads and women's trinkets. I was soon plied with many requests for this article and that. Most of the things I gave them, reserving for myself the shields and some of the best things from the bags. One of the shields was a beauty. It was fringed with eagle tail feathers and red cloth. On the front a mountain lion was painted and there was a bullet hole through it, blood all over the inside. The strap was a band made by doubling the whole deerskin over and over. 159 727 555● [431]

When I asked about the fortune of my companions, I learned that only a few of them had been successful. The Crow horses were too securely corralled and only a few of our oldest men were able to take some. The spear taken by High Sun was one of the best I have ever seen. The handle was covered with buckskin and decorated with crows' feathers. A stuffed crow's head was tied to it; the owner tied it in his hair before going to war.

[p. 248-B]

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Winter had set in when we reached our Blood camp which was pitched on Stand-off bottom.

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Although we were at peace with the Cree, they stole a number of our horses at that time. I led a war-party of seven men to see what we could do in retaliation. The Cree were bad Indians, who deserved to be punished. They were not honest, they stole horses. [It would have been difficult to [648] form any sort of stable peace with the Crees in the Old Days, since the People of that tribe lived in many scattered bands over the plains. Each band was governed by its own chiefs, who could not make peace for any of the other bands. The [555] stealing of horses, of course, was an accepted means of testing bravery and personal skill among most all of the People who used horses in North America.]

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We being mounted made fast time, and going in a North easterly direction, saw in the distance a big blue hill looming up, and near it a large Indian camp. Between us and the camp the country was very level so that it was not safe to travel any closer in daylight. During our waiting hours that day I went up on top of a hill with my glass to see what might be in sight. I saw a large war party enter the camp. Later in the day I saw a single tall man following up the trail of the war party. He appeared to be unarmed. I ran to my horse, mounted, and followed by some young companions, galloped after the lonely man. We reached him just as he was down, drinking from a little rivulet or spring. I searched him for arms, but found nothing. The man was poor, he had not even a knife. I was so disgusted that I left him to the boys, to do as they liked. One said to kill him. I did not like Cree Indians well enough to say no, so I said nothing. And, as there were no arms to take, I did not say, "kill him." The end [782] of the matter was this: I blackened his face, praying to the Sun as I did so, and gave him to the Sun, unhurt, as a present. When I told him that he was free and might go he looked very much

them back. Our people would ride alongside of them, and catching them by the feet, would throw them from their horses. A Blackfoot chased one Cree, who was so thoroughly frightened that he soiled his horse's back. The man was killed, and the horse taken by the Blackfeet. Only one young Blood on our side was killed. 726 159

We now returned to our lodges. Calf Shirt, father of the killed boy, waived the mourning custom. He said, "Be joyful, do not mourn for my son, you have killed many enemies and captured much." So in great glee our camps were moved back to our own country. 727 159

These are the principal adventures of my life. I am not in the habit of talking about them, for I am not a boaster. Only upon a few occasions when I lost my temper have I said that I was strong. All the People know me and my doings. I have had enough war and trouble in my time and know what it is. That is why I try of late years to keep the young men quiet. They do not know what they say when they talk of war. 159 [828]

I was never struck by an enemy in my life, with bullet, arrow, axe, spear, or knife!

Red Crow's adventures on the warpath are typical of those experienced by most of our men back in the Old Days. His are honest and realistic accounts. In all, he took part in thirty-three war adventures, which was not unusual in the Old Days; that he was never injured was quite exceptional. 115

It was certainly not necessary for a man to be raiding continually in order to live the Old Ways. Many men were satisfied to test their courage once or twice and then obtain their needed horses in trade. Such men were either holy men, skilled doctors, exceptional hunters, or noted craftsmen. Any of these "occupations" brought a man respect and stolen horses in exchange for his services. 555 ● 721 554

It is strange that Red Crow did not mention the last major battle in which the Bloods took 721 726

[p. 254-B]

to them as a blessing from the holy white man, as priests are called in Blackfoot. Not long before his death, when a relative volunteered to go for a priest, he picked up a cup and said to those with him, "In this cup is my Catholic religion." He slowly turned the cup upside down and sat it down on the table, without saying another word. 793 797

Natosina's brother, Big Snake, died around 1915. He was well known among all the Blackfoot People for being both fearless and reckless. Because his parties always returned successfully, he had a large following whenever he announced plans to leave on a raid. Experienced older men, however, seldom went with him because he was so wild. They preferred the company of more serious and conscientious men. 554 555 156

One man who knew old Natosina was the writer James Willard Schultz. He lived with the Piegans for many years, beginning in the 1870s. He learned the Blackfoot language, went on buffalo hunts and war raids, and was known as Apikunni, or "Far-off-Scabby-Robe." He left the Piegans in 1903, after the death of his wife, but came back to visit often and wrote many fine stories about the Old Days. In the 1920s he recorded a few adventures of his Blood friends, who included Natosina and old Weasel Tail. I read Apikunni's story to Atsitsina, who had not heard it for many years. He said that most of the details in it are correct and that it is a good version of the way his dad used to relate this adventure. I will give you the story in Apikunni's words—he writes it as though old Natosina were speaking. 114

EAGLE PLUME

One beginning-of-summer-time, when we Ka'ina were encamped on Belly River, close up to the Backbone [the Rocky Mountains, the "Backbone of the Earth"], I called upon nine men, good warriors all of them, to go with me on a raid south; a raid upon the Crows. Before leaving, we built a sweat lodge of good size, and asked Three 726 [103] [782]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 258-A]
[p. 256-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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James Willard Shultz, the writer, with some of his Blood friends at Waterton Lake in 1928. From left to right: Bobtail Chief; his wife; Schultz, or Apikunni; Many Moles; and Weasel Tail. In the foreground is the wife of Weasel Tail. Though it may look odd for a woman to wear a war bonnet—and this one belonged to Bobtail Chief—her adventures and coups on warpaths with her husband gave her that right.

[562]
[555]

pinto tied in front of a lodge. "Hai-Jah," he thought to himself, "there is that fast pinto stolen from us a while back." So he cut the pinto loose and took it home. 721

Again some time went by. In 1908, the Bloods held a big July dance in their new dance hall on the reserve. Many visitors came from all over, including a number of Crows. Calf Robe had, long before, made a wooden replica of the prize pinto that he had stolen and then lost, and he carried the replica whenever he danced. On this occasion he hung the replica from a stick at one corner of the dance hall. Sometime during the 535 177 [532] [201] [555]

302 301 292 531 142

Calf Robe in 1910. (Pollard Photo)

[P. 287-A]

celebration, the old men took turns getting up and telling about their war experiences, using sign language for the benefit of the guests. When Calf Robe rose, he told about the capture of his pinto, and that someone else had stolen it from him later. At that point, one of the Crow visitors got up, took the replica down, and announced that since he was the one who had recaptured the original horse, he might as well take the replica of it, too.

535 177 [201] [555]

THE LAST REAL WAR PARTY

In the spring of 1889, the last war party left the Blood camps for enemy country. The party was gone for one whole moon and traveled a long way through most of what is now the state of Montana. This story was told by its last surviving participant, old Running Wolf's nephew, Last Gun, while I visited with him before his death at the age of 116.

721 [115]

My father was old White Calf, head chief of the Piegans. My home was with the Piegans in Montana, but I spent a lot of time with my Blood relatives in Canada.

[628]

Among my brothers in Montana was one named Cross Guns. Somebody had stolen his best horse, and he was able to trail it as far as the line [border], but then he lost the tracks. He came to visit with me in Canada and told me about the loss of his favorite horse. Somebody from over here must have gotten away with it. Before he left we agreed to go on a horse raid during his next visit to make up for his missing horse. We thought we might raid some Crees or the white ranchers down east.

723

One day, before my brother returned from Montana, Morning Writing came to see me. He told me that I should go downriver to the camp of the Lone Fighters band, where Young Pine wanted to see about something important. When I got to Young Pine's tipi, there were a lot of

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 289-A]

[p. 287-B]

Crazy Crow were guarding the horses, but all he wanted was for me to stay by them, so I left. 726

When I found the rest of our party they were up in good cover and had the enemy pinned in some willow bushes below them. Young Pine had figured out how to head the enemy off and that was how they had gotten such a good spot. When the enemy heard my rifle shots they must have decided there were more of us than they first thought, so they made their way out of the bushes, all but the last one. I aimed carefully and fired just as he came into the clear. I saw his body jerk and he went back into the willows and shot at us some more. Each of us took another shot at the man and Young Pine was the one who hit him a second time. We saw him spin around and fall over. The enemy had abandoned their horses near us, so Young Pine's partner went over and hit each horse with a stick to count coup on them. Young Pine, Prairie Chicken Old Man, and I ran down to the fallen enemy. I reached him first and counted coup, but Prairie Chicken Old Man captured his good rifle. We rolled the man over on his back to scalp him but were shocked by his appearance. He had blood running out of his nose and mouth and he looked like he had glass eyes. Young Pine fulfilled his wish and scalped one braid first, then I scalped the other one. [556] [727]

By this time the enemy had found better cover and they started to shoot at us again. We went up to our cover and found Calf Robe and Crazy Crow waiting for us on their horses. They had abandoned all the others. We didn't have time to say much about it, so we ran over and took the abandoned enemy horses. Young Pine got a nice roan with a white mane and tail, while his partner took the best one of all, a buckskin with one white eye and a beaded bridle and saddle. Each of us got a horse and we all took off. Calf Robe and Crazy Crow were the only ones who didn't take much part in the action and didn't count any coups. While the others rode on I decided to

[NEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 297-B]

ankles. When they cut him, he said that he felt like his heart was being cut out of his body. His body was all bloody by the time they got him fixed up. They even cut his back and tied a shield to it. 796 785 [824]

From the holy woman's tipi he was made to dance to the Medicine Lodge. The wind blew on his wounds and caused him so much pain that he cried all the way there. When he got inside he hugged the Center Pole and prayed, then he leaned back on the ropes that somebody tied from the top of the Pole to his chest. He leaned back real hard and jumped up and down and sideways while the drummers sang a song. He said that he jumped real hard because the pain was so bad that he wanted to tear the ropes off fast, but they didn't tear out. Black Eagle took a stick and hit the rope hard and the skin broke on that side. But my dad stopped him from hitting the other side because of the pain. Big Wolf grabbed him by his hair and pulled him back so hard that the other side broke. Black Eagle was counting some coups so that he could cut the loose skin off my dad's body. He cut the skin off and he put gunpowder on the wounds. After that my dad was sent away to sleep and look for a vision. That was when they had the riot inside the Medicine Lodge. [535] [152] [782] [533] [555] [752]

My father said that he walked westward from the camp until he came to the Belly River where he slept on top of a cutbank. He could hardly sleep that night from all the pain of his wounds. The next day he was walking around by the river when his relatives found him. They warned him not to walk back into the middle of the trouble at the Medicine Lodge. By the time they all got back home together the trouble was over and the People were packing up their camps to go home. The men were angry and had their guns all ready in case the Mounties came back to fight again. Some of the Mounties had gone into the Medicine Lodge to arrest old Calf Robe while the men were just in there telling war stories. Those 796 657 177

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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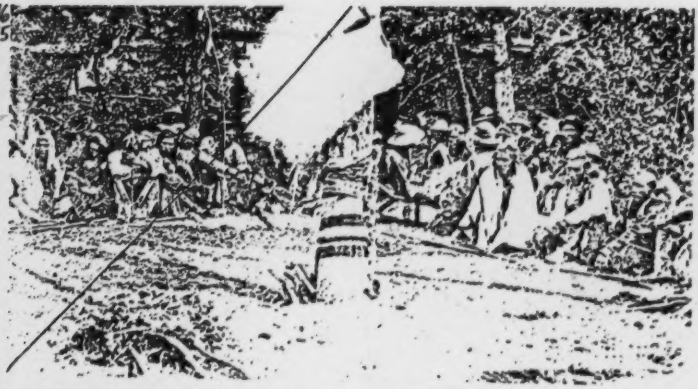

[555]
[535]

Members of a warrior's society inside a Medicine Lodge around 1880. They all have their guns and coup sticks and are ready to reenact their war adventures. At the right is the Weather Dancer's Booth—one of the dancers can be seen looking through an opening. To its left sit the drummers and singers for the ceremony. (Ernest Brown)

[R309-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

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114

Our Old Man and me.

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sponsor of the ceremony, who sits very quietly and humbly listens to everyone's prayers which are for the benefit of himself, his family, and the one for whom he vowed the ceremony. We call this "sitting holy." If the sponsor of the ceremony is a participant who sings his songs, then he asks some relative to take his place next to the leader, for it is not proper to sing while sitting holy. 796 [576]

Atsitsina arrived and the Old Man directed him to a place on his right. Atsitsina helped start the second part of the ceremony by reciting four spiritual offerings made in the past. The participant with the bravest war coup would sit at the far left and recount four brave deeds, when that part of the ceremony was reached. My seat was next to the Old Man on his left. As a Medicine Pipe Owner, this was my seat of honor. [555] [554] [576]

The Old Man inspected the altar and approved it. He arranged before him the sacred bags from his paint outfit: one contained the black paint, another contained the sacred red earth, and a third contained pieces of kidney fat. [778] [237]

[p. 352-A]

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

conductors, or flankers, keeping the way clear of spectators, etc. The procession moves slowly and by stages. The four principal personages in it keep their eyes upon the ground. The course is southward past the entrance (east side) to the dancing lodge, around the south side, the rear of the shelter and entering from the north side. Here the medicine woman remains until the dancing lodge is raised at sunset, when she returns to her tipi and breaks her fast with berry soup. The father and the son go to a sweathouse after which their responsibilities also end. During the continuance of the ceremonies in the sun lodge, the medicine woman cares for the natoas bundle, now her property, until transferred to another, but is otherwise free to do as she likes. She usually remains quietly at home receiving guests and resting.

The part of the medicine woman is truly a sacrifice. She and her husband must pay liberally everyone called upon for ceremonial service directly connected with the tongues and the natoas ritual. They must also pay a considerable amount of property for the natoas itself. To give the ceremony means the sacrifice of all personal property. On the other hand, there is compensation, aside from fulfilling the vow. Her relatives are very proud of her since she is so virtuous. She is highly respected by her husband and family. In a measure those who "take the tongues" are also respected. The medicine woman may act as the mother in a future sun dance for which she will receive presents and she may eventually realize something by transferring the natoas to another. Should anything go wrong during the ceremony, the weather be unfavorable, etc., people will look with suspicion upon her and say she must have lied in her confession to the sun. Should she become ill or have deaths in the family, the same charge will be made.

The Offerings of Cloth. After the procession headed by the father and he is in position at the west side of the dancing lodge, offerings of cloth and clothing are brought up by the people. A man making such an offering hands the father a filled pipe and the cloth. The father holds the pipe and offers prayers for the giver and lights and passes the pipe to other old men sitting around. The cloth he lays in a pile. Then he paints the giver: first the face is smeared over with red, then black spots are daubed on the cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, four in all. A black circle is marked around each wrist. Women bringing offerings and pipes go to the mother who prays for them and paints their faces red with a black spot on the nose and a black circle around the face. There is also a black circle around each wrist.

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

The Hundred-Willow Sweathouse.

796 343 As stated before, a sweathouse of special form is constructed on the third day. This is said to have originated with Scar-face, it being the house into which he was taken by the sun. About the middle of the day a society [575] is sent out for the willows. These were usually those of the younger men; the pigeons and mosquitoes. There is a belief, however, that in former times only warriors could be sent upon this errand. These persons are [823] mounted and return in procession, singing and circling the medicine woman's [784] tipi in the direction of the sun, and deposit their willows at the west side of the camp circle. They must not drink water while on this duty.

[575] An older society is called to build the sweathouse. They must not [784] drink water while engaged in this operation and receive some of the tongues after the ceremonies of the fourth day. Formerly, these men must have [555] had a coup to their credit as a qualification and some informants claim that the sum total for the society should have totalled at least one hundred, the number of willows. The work begins some time before sunset by which time the sweathouse should be completed.

[824] The willows are stuck into the ground in an oval and their tops bent over and interlocked over the top. The ends point toward the east and the west, an opening or door being provided at each. The willows are then painted, one side red and the other black. Next, a hole is dug in the center of the structure for the heated stones. In the meantime, a small heap of stones mixed with firewood has been placed some distance to the east. [237] A buffalo skull is painted with red spots on one side and black on the other. Sage grass is thrust into the nose and eye-sockets. Robes are then thrown over the willows and all is ready for the procession from the medicine woman's tipi.

796 343 793 The procession from the medicine woman's tipi consists of the father and another man experienced in ceremonial affairs, the husband, the mother and the medicine woman. They approach slowly and by stages, passing around the south side of the sweathouse to the north and then to the east or [823] entrance. All keep their eyes on the ground. The husband walks with a [778] heavy staff; the medicine woman carries the natoas bundle with a smudge stick.

The men enter the sweathouse, while the two women go to the west side and sit down facing the east. The medicine woman is on the north side with 796 the bundle before her. After the men have entered, the fire is lighted and 343 some of the attendants (builders of the sweathouse) lift the buffalo skull to the top of the sweathouse where it faces the east. Prayers and the usual

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of resistance. He is then led up to the hides near the front of the medicine woman's shelter. In former times, four such men were brought up for the ceremony. They must have coups to their records, otherwise they would not have been selected. In the ceremony of 1904 we observed an attempt to "catch" a man on horseback, but the struggles of the horse enabled him to escape. In former times, the friends of the interested party would have gathered around the rear and sides of the horse forcing him forward in the lead of the "catcher". This whole catching procedure is said to symbolize the capture of an enemy.

In order to understand the ceremony that now takes place, it is necessary to know that the right to cut the thong is to the Blackfoot a medicine to be transferred for gifts of property as in case of other medicines. The men who did the cutting in the previous year are to "sell", or transfer, this year. It is they who do the "catching", either in person or by deputy. Should no one be brought forward, those who performed the rite on the previous year must again serve. As soon as a man is caught, his relatives are notified; they come out with all kinds of property to support him in the transfer. The initiate is brought into the presence of the present owner of the right, his hands and face are painted, accompanied by ritualistic prayers. While this proceeds, an old man (usually a relative) stands somewhat apart and shouts out praise for the initiate. However, this may be done by a woman, if no man comes forward. A horse and other property is then given to the former owner of the right, whence it ceases to be his. The deputy "catcher", if there is one, then receives a small present or two from the former owner.

The cutting of the thong then takes place. The new owner of the right, standing up by the hide, shouts out his coups. He holds the knife in his hand and while pointing in different directions with it, he tells of a war deed. At the end of each tale he makes a pass with the knife as if to cut the hide. After four deeds are told, he cuts the hide. For example, he may say, "At such a place I captured a horse which gives me the right to cut this, etc." If there are other men with the right, they follow in turn. After this, the thongs are cut with the assistance of other men and distributed at the places where they will be needed. A thong with the tail attached is used to bind the bunch of boughs to the sun pole, the tail hanging down.

While this ceremony is going on, gifts of flour, beef, etc., made by white people are distributed among the old poor people. This is regarded as a recent intrusion.

The following extract from an unpublished version of the Scar-face myth accounts for the thong-cutting ceremony:—

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old men on the west side of the center pole dance in their places. The rawhide held in front of them, hangs down like an apron. They beat time on it, holding the rawhide in one hand, and the rattles in the other. An old man counts deeds and marks out with a knife the fireplace and the booth for the weather dancers. These are dug while the dancing and shooting take place.[1]

The hole, or fire pit, is dug between the sun pole and the entrance to the dancing lodge. It is about three feet by two and "two hands" deep. A warrior is then called to start the fire. Warriors now come forward in turn to count their coups. In this a man took a piece of firewood and holding it up, called out in a loud voice how he once struck a Sioux, a Snake, etc., then placed it in the fire. When he had recounted all he gave way to the next. Stories are told of men having enough coups to make a fire large enough to threaten the destruction of the dancing lodge. We were able to confirm the statement of Clark[2] that the height of the flame as determined by a buffalo tail hanging down was the criterion for determining a great warrior. One informant states as follows:—

There is always a cow tail hanging down from the center post. In olden times this was a buffalo tail, to the end of which a blackened plume was tied. This hangs down over the fireplace which was used at night to furnish light for the proceedings. The assembled people were entertained by narratives of warriors as they came forward to narrate their deeds; each threw a stick on the fire for each deed counted and he whose fire blazed high enough to reach the tail was considered a great warrior. It was a great honor when a man could tell enough war deeds to scorch the tail. All this time there was singing (the cheering songs) and drumming, while berry soup was served to all. The persons taking part are designated as those "who are about to make the fire." In recent years, this ceremony has been performed in a very perfunctory manner.

After the ceremony, the fire was fed in the ordinary way and kept going during the greater part of the succeeding days. The origin of this dance is often ascribed to Scar-face.

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[1] It will be recalled that in the sun dance of the Dakota type (p. 110) there is a ceremonial shooting at the sun pole. Here the shooting takes place in a perfunctory way, while the pole is dragged to the sun dance site. Yet, McQueston claims to have witnessed the driving of evil power from the sun lodge at a Blood ceremony in 1912. ("The Sun Dance of the Blackfeet" *Rod and Gun in Canada*, March 1912.) As this is not noted in older accounts and we failed to get information as to it, we suspect it to be due to foreign influences, or perhaps the author's own interpretation.

[2] Clark, *Ibid.*, 72.

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
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Society Dances.

In former times, the succeeding days were apportioned to the men's societies (the ikunukats) in the order of their rank, beginning at the lowest.[1] There seems to have been no fixed allotment of time to each, only the order of succession being adhered to. The ceremonies were determined chiefly by the respective society rituals, though the recounting of deeds in war was given great prominence. As a rule, each society closed its ceremonies by offering parts of its regalia, etc., to the sun, a custom still observed by the Blood (See vol. 11, this series, fig. 19, p. 411). After the highest society had completed its function, the leading men of the tribe held a kind of a war dance in which coups were recounted. In this dance, again, rattles were beaten upon a rawhide. The organizations or persons having charge of the day's ceremonies must furnish the feast and all necessaries. The medicine woman and her husband usually repair to the dancing lodge each day. The man usually takes his pipe and tobacco and furnishes the smoking for the guests who sit around. His wife wears the buckskin dress and elk robe, but not the natoas. They sit on the north or right side of the booth and merely are spectators. This closes the ceremonies and camp is broken.

The Torture Ceremony.

The torture feature, especially prominent in the ceremonies of the Mandan, Hidatsa, and Dakota, was formerly given a place among the dancing lodge ceremonies of the Blackfoot. The information we have seems to indicate that this ceremony had not become thoroughly adjusted to its place in this series at the time of its prohibition by the United States and Canadian governments. The claim is made by some of the Piegan that it was borrowed from the Arapaho and was not looked upon with much favor. As one man expressed it, "None of those taking the cutting lived to reach old age." It was said that a few Blackfoot warriors once visited the Arapaho at the time of their sun dance where they were put through the cutting ceremony. According to the Blackfoot mode of thought, this means that the medicine rites (and rights) were transferred to them. When they returned, they induced others to take the cutting, to whom, of course, the rites were transferred. Whether this historical statement is accurate or mythical, we have no means of knowing, but we are inclined to give

[1] This series, Vol. 11, 365–474.

us, men, women, children, give long good life, good health; help us to overcome our enemies who are ever seeking to destroy us."

Some women were heating a number of stones in a little fire, and near it a small pit had been dug in the ground. The women rolled part of the stones into it, covered them with a thin layer of loose earth. Then Black Otter, with the help of three war-clothed friends, laid the circular piece of hide over the pit and, inserting pegs into slits that had been cut at regular intervals along its edge, fastened it to the ground.

As each man drove in a peg, he counted coup, told of some fight with the enemy in which he had been the victor. Tightly the hide had been fastened down; it began to shrink from the heat under it until it pulled the pegs over. As fast as they loosened, the three men helpers drove them in again; Black Otter carefully supervised the work, often feeling of the hide to make sure that it did not get hot enough to burn, and calling for more hot rocks as they were needed.

In about an hour the hide had shrunk to about half its original diameter, and was at least an inch thick. During that time Black Otter had frequently prayed, and with his helpers had sung a number of sacred songs. Finally Fox Eyes took the hide home and in due time made a beautiful, tail-feathers-trimmed shield of it. Lastly he made a war bonnet of the remaining tail feathers, and was then ready for war. A few days later he did set out with a small party to raid the horse herds of the Assiniboines, and I returned to the trading post. A month or more later Fox Eyes came to visit me, came singing a war song, riding a fine horse and leading another. Tossing its rope to me, he said: "*Apikuni*, I give to you this Cutthroat (Assiniboine) horse. Three of them I took. One Cutthroat I killed and this –see it–many-shots gun I took from him. *Apikuni*, Sun is good to me. My sacred helper, that water animal of my vision, is powerful. *Apikuni*, I am a happy man. I am soon to have a lodge of my own."

"Good! Have three wives, four wives. While you are about it, be a real chief," I said.

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

hands and shouting. At sight of them her pursuer turned abruptly and headed for his companions, who stopped circling us and drew together, yelling excitedly.

"Our fighting men! We survive!" Eagle Head shouted joyously.

The two horseless Indians sprang up behind two of their party and all were off, madly quirting their beasts and heading for a coulee away to the south. Eagle Head and I fired our remaining cartridges at them, but neither of us made a kill. And then our warriors were speeding past us, yelling happily, noticeably gaining on our fleeing enemies.

At last came Spear Woman. Springing from her horse, crying and laughing both, she hugged and kissed Eagle Head, turned and did the same to me, saying again and again: "Oh, how powerful, how good is Sun! He brought our warriors to our rescue; he saved us!"

Eagle Head ran and seized the horse of the man we had killed. It was strange, I thought, that one or the other of our horseless enemies had not tried to take it for his getaway.

Said Spear Woman, "Oh, my saved ones! Didn't you make any kills?"

"One," Eagle Head replied. "I killed him. Now I count coup upon him!" And with that he ran and scalped the man, a Cutthroat, and took his belongings, a Springfield carbine, belt of cartridges, knife, and war bonnet in a parfleche case.

Spear Woman happily looked on, singing and exclaiming again and again: "My son Eagle Head, he killed this enemy. Brave is my son Eagle Head!"

So happy were they over the kill that I refrained from saying that it might have been my bullet that tumbled the man from his horse.

Our enemies and their pursuers had gone out of sight beyond a low ridge of the plain, but now, as we heard distant rapid shooting mother and son fervently prayed the Above Ones, Sun, Moon, and Morning Star, to keep our warriors safe and help them to kill off the enemy.

Anxiously we awaited their return, and presently they appeared topping the ridge, singing the victory song, waving scalps, leading the horses that the Cutthroats had stolen from our herds during the

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The White Quiver Saga (Told by White Quiver)

115 When in his prime my long-ago friend *Ksiks Unopachis*—(White Quiver) was a noted warrior of the Pikunis, largest, most powerful one of the three Blackfoot Indian tribes. He was born about 1850 and died on the Blackfoot Reservation, Montana, in 1931. He was very quiet and reserved, seldom joining the gatherings of his story-telling, laughing, joking, fellow tribesmen around their evening lodge fires. It was during the annual Medicine Lodge ceremonies of the tribe, when one by one the warriors counted their coups that he particularly shone, holding his audience all but breathless as he told of his raids, his killing of enemies, and his taking of enemy horses.

On a night early in September, 1885, a war party of Crows made off with a band of horses owned by some of the Pikunis who were camped on Badger Creek, not far above their agency. A year previous to this, following instructions from Washington, the agents of the various Northwest Indian tribes had notified their charges that they must absolutely cease going on raids against their enemies. But now, having himself lost several of his horses in the raid of the night, White Quiver declared that he cared not for the orders of *Kaahks Anon* (Our Grandfather, the President). He was going to take revenge upon the Crows. Several of the Pikuni warriors wanted to go with him, but as always he refused their company. He had always been a lone raider and always would be. His sacred, powerful, secret helper, a certain animal that had appeared and counseled with him in his long-ago fasting vision (dream) had told him that to be suc-

SCENE 13 (1875):

721 726 532 212 [361] Cypress Hills, Northwest Territory. Two hundred lodges of Piegans were camped there. Four Sioux were discovered in a thicket, were surrounded, and would have been killed but for Big Nose. He took to the brush, but his squaw *Ksiskstukyake* ("Bear Woman") caught hold of him and tried to pull him away. He put her to one side and went into the thicket, crawling slowly toward the Sioux until he could see them behind a breastwork they had made in a circular opening in the thicket. Three were armed with Winchester rifles, two belts of cartridges, with their knives lying in front of them. 657 728 532 212 The fourth had an old flintlock gun. Big Nose parleyed with the Sioux, telling them the Great Father[A] wanted all the Indians to make peace. He displayed the medal already referred to[B] and a pipe he had with him, asking them to smoke, to come with him, and he would feed them and send them safely home. They threatened to kill him, even poking their guns in his face; he paid no attention to this but [201] continued to ask them to smoke. After making signs that they would not be hurt, he could see that their leader was weakening. Big Nose 727 657 532 212 then sprang inside the breastwork and grabbed him; Big Nose's squaw grabbed another and then they all came out, the Piegans not injuring them. They then turned the Sioux over to the commanding officer at Fort Walsh, Northwest Territory.

He first sent word by an Indian, now called "Jack the Ripper," to the commanding officer that they had the Sioux prisoners, but he would not believe it until Jack made oath of it. The commanding officer then sent seven soldiers and one officer and four extra horses to get them. When the officer came he was still incredulous; but when shown the pit, which was deep, and the protection afforded by the heavy fringe of thorn bush, he was amazed at the conduct of Big Nose, and made notes and a sketch of the place.

SCENE 14:

532 212 727 Four bows and quivers, tomahawk, powder horn and bullet pouch. These were coups and were taken by Big Nose in his different battles.

● [555]

A. [i.e., the U.S. president--Analyst]

B. [The medal given to him by the U.S. president. See Category 657, p. 264--Analyst]

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

way, on and on, anywhere to be safe, I thought. He waited until the enemy leaders had come so near that we could almost see their eyes; and when he gave the shrill cry and his hundreds of warriors yelled it and charged out from the grove, I was somehow crazily with them and yelling, too. 726

Ha! At sight of us, what did those Entrails and Crow warriors do? Did they raise their guns and come hurrying to meet us? No! At once they turned and fled, they and then their families, and we after them, in among them, shooting, shooting, shooting them down. There was so much to see at once: enemies falling, our warriors strewing the ground with them; women and children squalling, riding back as fast as they could go; pack horses and travois horses running in all directions and spilling their loads. I drew an arrow from my case, fitted it to my bow, began overtaking an enemy with intent to kill him; but when, with good aim, I drew back the bowstring with all my strength, it broke apart and I all but fell from my horse. He was an old, gray-haired one, that enemy, and he carried a gun, a short-barreled flintlock gun as I could plainly see.

The bravest thing that a warrior can do is to seize an enemy's gun, or bow, strike him with it, then kill him. I rode up close beside this old man, snatched his gun from him, and then he looked at me so pitifully, saying, in my own language, "Oh, pity me. Do not kill me," that I only tapped his shoulder with the gun and let him go. For that, afterward, I got great praise and great scolding from my father. "You were very brave to seize the enemy's gun, you so young, but you should then have killed him," he said. "If you continue pitying your enemies, you can never, never become a real warrior." [555] [703]

As I said, the Entrails People and the Crows were riding back as fast as they could go, our warriors overtaking and killing them. We could have killed them all but for the eagerness of our warriors to scalp and to take the weapons of their kills, so to prove their bravery. And, too, they were, many of them, horse hungry, especially our poor ones, so, instead of keeping on and making their kills, they would turn off and round up bands of the enemy horses and claim them as their own. As at last our pursuit and killing of the enemy was ending, I came upon my father's close friend *Ikinaiyi* ("Top 726 727 [583] [201]

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

The Baker Massacre

I had never traveled in the night, so feared the darkness, the possibility that we might run right into an enemy war party. Herds of buffalo, running from our approach, caused my heart to beat fast. Wolves, near and far, were continuously howling; coyotes, yelping. But they were harmless. I loved to hear them. I was glad when came the first, dim, white light of the new day, and we turned down into a grove of cottonwoods in a coulee to hide and rest until night should come again. One of our party killed a buffalo cow, and we quickly broiled and ate our fill of its meat. My father named two men to sit up on the edge of the plain and watch for enemies until midday, and told two others to watch for the rest of the day. And then we all lay down and slept.

So going, night after night, and without trouble of any kind, we passed the west end of the Bear Paw Mountains, near *Ahya Kimikwi* (Divided Mountains, the Cypress Hills, Alberta). At daybreak of a morning, we saw that we were near them, and at the same time discovered two riders on the plain, not far north of us, and coming our way. We got down into a coulee before they could see us and spread up and down it, watching them come on, and quite widely apart. One of them was heading straight toward the place where my father and I and a few others lay concealed. When he came near enough, at a word from my father, we all fired at him, and down he went; his horse, too; and we ran forward, my father in the lead. The man was badly wounded, dying. My father handed me the long stem of his pipe, told me to strike the man with it, count coup on him. I stepped to his side; his face, mouth, shot and bloody, sickened me; and I drew back. "Hit him! Hit him!" my father yelled at me. "Hit him, or I will make you to cry." So, at last, I struck the top of his head with the pipe stem, and with that my father and others shot him again and he died. My father again yelled at me: "Now, First Rider, out with your knife and scalp him." And as I hesitated, "At once scalp him, else you will no longer be son of mine."

Oh, how I hated to do that; but groaning, almost crying, I did it, taking a piece of his head skin from which dropped one of his long hair braids; and then my father had me take the dead one's gun and other things, he and the others there with us shouting: "Young First

726 at once turned and ran, and Berry Child took after him, was fast
702 gaining upon him when suddenly he stopped, turned, fired, and Berry Child fell dead. He had ever been Buffalo Child's closest of friends, his almost-brother, so now Buffalo Child shouted to us: "It is for me to avenge my close friend's death. He is mine, mine alone, that Entrails man." And was going even as he shouted that. Excitedly, breathlessly, we watched him gaining upon the fleeing man, he trying to reload his gun as he ran. That very difficult to do. At last Buffalo Child got so close to him that they were almost together, but still he did not shoot.

"*Ha!* He is going to strike him!" Owl Child yelled. Then he shouted, as though Buffalo Child could hear: "Buffalo Child! Be successful! Strike him! Strike him!"

● [555] To strike an enemy, however slightly, and before fighting him, killing him—that, you know, is the very bravest thing a warrior can do. Oh, how pleased we were when now we saw Buffalo Child strike the fleeing one's shoulder with his gun barrel. The man had not succeeded in reloading his gun. Stopping short and turning, he raised it as a club, but even as he swung it Buffalo Child shot him; and how we did yell as we saw him fall, he the last one of the four. And meantime those of our party below had killed the lone rider that Heavy Runner had discovered.

727 But we had lost good, brave Berry Child. His almost-brother wept
702 when we brought his body into the coulee and buried it, covered it with rocks and brush, and we all felt very sad. We moved away from the grave, and my father sent two scouts to the top of the ridge to watch for more of the enemy. None appeared during the day. Said my father, when evening came: "The Entrails People, missing the seven of them we have killed, will be constantly watching for their killers, for us to appear. We are too few to fight the many of them, so we now turn back for home."

[555] That we did, arriving there in good time and sighting no enemies along the way. My mother both cried and laughed when I appeared before her with my gun and shouting to her so that all could hear: "I struck a living enemy, an Entrails man, and see: I took his gun, his scalp."

The Baker Massacre

I swelled with pride of myself; stalked about the camp with my gun, envied by boys of my own age and boys much older; and admired, made much of by the girls. The gun was a North Traders (Hudson's Bay Company) cap-lock, smooth bore, without rear sights; a nothing-gun, some of the boys said, but to me a most valuable weapon. I had plenty of powder, balls, and caps for it, so often shot it at birds, stones, and knots of trees until, at short distance, not more than a hundred steps, I could mostly hit the mark. It was in Falling-Leaves Moon of that summer that a boy said to me: "Yes, you have a gun, but what good is it to you? You can't kill anything with it."

The next morning, after I had helped my father round up our horses and drive them to water, and after he had gone back into the lodge, I rode up the valley looking for something worth while to kill. Rode a long way until, at last, I saw a herd of buffalo coming down off the plain to drink at the river. I sprang from my horse, tethered him, ran on up in the timber, and when the herd began passing close in front of me I aimed carefully at a big cow, at a point just back of her foreshoulder and low down, and fired. Boom! At once the whole herd swerved, ran crashing up through the willows, my cow with the rest. I had missed. So near to me and I had missed. I hated myself; almost cried as I took to the trail of the herd; then, laughing and yelling, ran, for there upon the trampled and crushed willows was my cow, blood bubbling from her mouth and nose, and breathing her last.

Then what to do? She lay upon her belly, and I had not strength to turn her up to remove her insides. I cut out her tongue, skinned, laid bare her fat hump; cut off a foreleg at the knee, and with it for a club, struck and struck the hump until its feather (dorsal) ribs snapped, broke where they rose from the backbone. Easily then I cut off the whole hump, tied it and the tongue to my saddle, and rode back down the valley. It was past midday when I struck camp, and instead of going to my lodge rode round and round in its great circle for all to see, particularly the boys, that I was a real hunter, had made a killing.

At last, as I neared my lodge, this one and that one yelled: "There he is, the missing one. He has returned."

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

224
555 Came rushing out my father and mother shouting: "You bad boy; where have you been? We have looked all over for you . . . ." Then stopped, stared, and laughed as they saw the tongue and the feather ribs tied to my saddle. And cried my father: "Why, he has been hunting. He has actually made a killing, this strong-minded one of ours. Who was with you? Who took off those feather ribs for you?"

"I was alone. I cut and clubbed them off with my knife and the cow's leg," I explained. And the people gathered around, clapped hands to mouths in surprise, one old man saying: "And he so young, so little and weak. How strange."

"Not strange at all. My son, of course he would be that way," my father proudly answered.

After that no boys made fun of me and my gun.

648
721 In the following summer, my ninth one, when we were camped on Little (Milk) River, close north of the Bear Paw Mountains, we learned that there was a large camp of the Lying People (Cree tribe) camping on North Big (Saskatchewan) River right in our country and killing our buffalo. Of all our enemies they were the worst—always coming into our country to hunt our buffalo, we always fighting them, driving them back to their north, swampy country. It was Rising Wolf (Hugh Monroe), that brave, wandering, beaver trapper, married to one of our women, who told us about them.

"The Liars, they have come again to steal our food," our people cried.

726
702 "We will make them to cry," my father shouted, and called upon our brave ones to go against them. Said that I should join the party. We were not many, there on Little River; the greater part of our tribe were camping and hunting on Big (Missouri) River. But seventy-seven of the men in our camp hurried to him, said that they were eager to go with him against the Liars.

[515]
[782]
[778] So again I sat in a sacred sweat lodge with my father and other warriors, listening to Red Eagle's powerful prayers for our success against the Liars and our safe return. In turn I lifted his sacred Thunder Pipe aloft and myself prayed Sun for help in all of my undertakings.

My father, listening, said to me when I finished: "You omitted

lishment of courts and judges, social control became institutionalized and divorced from the participation of tribal membership. Individual discipline that in the past could be lax except at critical times of the hunt or war no longer was tolerated. Leadership, rather than identifying merit became frozen without a method of identification for the future (Ewers, 1958:273–274; Hagan, 1966).

As tribal elders, such as Three Suns, died, the reservation agent appointed replacements generally from among close relatives of the deceased, introducing a hereditary bias to tribal leadership. By the turn of the century a number of men whose only claim to leadership was the status of the position they occupied dominated the tribal council. Absence of traditional means of achievement closed avenues of leadership for most of Hamilton's generation. So long as some of the traditional leaders, such as White Calf, remained on the tribal council the appointed members possessed a certain amount of immunity. With the death of White Calf in 1903, the last of the active band leaders, a council that defined leadership by status rather than merit became vulnerable. Men of Hamilton's generation moved to challenge the hereditary council and in the process constructed a foundation for the preservation of the Blackfoot community.

Hamilton worked for the next thirty years to fill the leadership void left by White Calf and the old band leaders. Unable to achieve leadership by traditional means, Hamilton perceived the change from a meritorious to a status society that was already underway on the reservation. He sought a new premise for determining leadership that brought him to adopt Anglo political methods in an effort to become identified as a spokesman for Blackfoot interests and to attract a constituency. With status alone as the measure of leadership, Hamilton saw no reason why he could not assert his own claim, and he persistently strove to restore a measure of autonomy for the Blackfeet and to forge a modern economy on the reservation. His adaptiveness often appeared opportunistic, although his expediency was more often than not designed to achieve a larger goal

[p.61-B]

reputation or prowess of its leader. By and large, the chiefs are the ones who are remembered as important 19th-century figures; even if someone gained a reputation as a warrior or shaman, he was more likely to be recalled if this ability had enabled him to become a chief of his band.

While hereditary leadership was not mandatory among the Bloods, usually a son, brother, or son-in-law took control upon the death of a chief. However, because of the flexibility of the band system, the selection was made by the band members themselves, either by consensus or through a direct vote. If no consensus could be reached, a candidate might state that he was moving camp the following morning; this would force members of the band to decide whether to go with him or to remain with one of the other aspirants. Often two contenders might be brothers, such as occurred in 1870 when Black Bear, leader of the Fish Eaters, died in a smallpox epidemic, and both Red Crow and his brother Sheep Old Man aspired to the position. When Red Crow observed that public opinion was favoring him, he announced he was moving, and those who were undecided finally chose to follow the majority and go with him.

Yet a family relationship was not the only criterion in selecting a new chief. As George Simpson noted in 1841: "The office of Chief is often hereditary, but his birth alone, uncombined with talent or bravery, does not secure any consideration in the tribe, & the son of the most powerful Chief would, if unendowed with these qualities, sink into perfect insignificance & contempt, being what the Indians very emphatically term 'pitiful'." Simpson further noted that the chieftainship was not a lifetime appointment, but was valid only as long as the man was capable of leading the band. "When the first symptoms of old age creep upon him, he very wisely abdicates (to avoid being dismissed more brusquely) in favor of his son or some other successor."

Such a resignation was noted by a fur trader in 1794 (M'Gillivray, 1934:50), when The Swan, a leading Blackfoot chief, was "worn out with age and disability" and was "forced to resign his

[p. 96-B]

28: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1967 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

a grandmother, aunt, or older sister "because a stepfather might not treat him right."

To some degree the extended family structure, the close camp living, and the satisfactions found in agemates (the age grades were the strongest expression of solidarity in Blood society) cushioned the threat. But, however viewed, the emotional and even at times physical support that a child could expect from his parents or any other adult was limited indeed.

And the supernaturals were hardly more reliable—at least not those to whom one might appeal for personal aid. When a young man went out alone at night to some far-off place to seek a guardian spirit—in almost all instances, a male being, Old Man Sun, Morning-star, Rock Man or some animal—he did not feel that "strong" medicine would be his if only he followed a prescribed ritual, as was the case in the pueblos of the Southwest. Instead, the Blood youth appealed for "pity." And the supernaturals, like his nearest of kin, were unpredictable. True, if the quest succeeded, prestige would be enhanced, and after some years, material advantage also. But many a supplicant, even after repeated effort, failed to get a "vision" and the power that depended on it.

In this insecure and competitive setting, the institution of "the favorite" emerged, not as an expression of fatherly love but, as the Blackfoot word, *minipoka*, "child of plenty," makes explicit, first and essentially as a way of demonstrating wealth—a way no different from the taking of a second, third, or fourth wife, the owning of expensive pipes or bundles, the possession of a tipi made of eighteen or twenty skins.

There was only one accepted criterion for having a "favorite"—enough wealth to make continual validations in his name. Thus neither the number of the child nor its sex was a consideration, but while a girl could be a *minipoka*, more often it was a boy who was so honored. And the rich man had as many favorites as he could afford. Some said they wanted to treat their children alike, some that they wanted to show how rich they were.

The process began at birth. The favorite was placed on a weasel or otter skin—the poor man's child slept in a buckskin bag. The favorite was "initiated" to many ceremonial privileges—protective paintings, forelocks, charms, pipes, partnerships in a society like the Horns while he was still in his teens. Give-aways were held in his name, and any gift made to him was quickly repaid and usually with interest.

The favorite was fed first and with the choicest morsels. He was

30: Kehoe E-4,5 (1972-1975) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Cree NG4

gathering, almost always convened for another purpose such as powwow dancing, an announcement is made that a giveaway will be held "for So-and-So." The family of the honored person parades around the center of the arena, using the standard Plains dance step, while a Plains style honoring song (a recognized type) is drummed and sung. The honored person, if present, will parade in the front rank; if he or she is absent, ill or deceased, his photograph will be carried by someone in the front rank. When the honoring song is concluded, gifts piled into old quilts, bedspreads or cartons are carried into the center of the arena or a roped-off section at its side. The bulk of the gifts is blankets and other bedding. Assistants, often powwow officials, help the family distribute the gifts to individuals or categories of persons ("visitors from other tribes") determined in advance by the family. The giveaway usually fades to an end, the next activity of the gathering beginning as the last few gifts are taken.

B C 431 554 796

Reasons for holding a giveaway range around the expectation that a change in an Indian's social position will be formally communicated to the active members of his or her band. A child's first explicit participation in ritual, including his first costumed powwow dancing, is marked by a small giveaway. Young people's moves into adult responsibilities — marriage, graduation from school, or return from military service — call for giveaways by their families. Unusual achievements bringing increased prestige, such as winning awards or notable positions, will be recognized by giveaways. Finally, death is memorialized by giveaways.

B C [852] [784]

B C [565] [764]

[P. 17-B]

the gifts, which included a dozen Pendleton blankets and half-a-dozen Hudson's Bay blankets. She had kept a notebook list of persons who should receive gifts, particularly recording those friends and relatives who had come a distance to visit B— in his final illness. The grandson was to have been given B—'s Indian name as well as costume, but Mrs. B— forgot to arrange the name-giving ceremony and will have this at the next year's powwow. 796 769 431

III. Giveaway for Barbara Hoof (Blood Reserve, Alberta), chosen Miss Alberta Indian Princess; at Kainai (Blood) Indian Days annual powwow. 555 796 431

4:30 p.m. There has been dancing in the arena since 3:10, with Miss Hoof leading. "Now we're all ready for the special giveaway in honor of our Indian Princess. The family chose the Old Agency singers for this giveaway," declares the announcer. The Princess' grandmother, in full buckskin costume, and a man in full costume with feather bonnet go over to the Hoof family standing near the entrance to the arena.

4:35 The procession of the Princess and her family is led by the man in costume, who sings as he dances. After one circuit of the center of the arena, the Old Agency drum sings for the procession. The Hoof family looks happy and proud, the father triumphantly waving his hat from time to time as he dances.

4:45 The announcer, standing with his microphone next to the family in the arena, states that a horse will be given by L— T— to G— S— in honor of the Princess. The horse is at T—'s place, where S— should pick it up. It is announced that C— gives fifteen dollars in honor of the Princess: her father may give it to anyone he pleases. The family gives the Old Agency singers twenty-five dollars. Mrs. K— gives fifteen dol-

lars to J— in honor of the Princess. Mr. Hoof's brother gives a registered Arabian horse to N— in honor of the Princess. Dorothy L— T— gives a horse to E— from Gleichen (the North Blackfoot Reserve). D— B— from Gleichen is given a horse by S—. The announcer calls out the names of those who are to come to get blankets from the pile at the family's feet.

B 555 796 431

5:03 The announcer carries his microphone back to his booth, explaining that the remaining blankets and shawls will be taken by the family to the recipients. General powwow dancing resumes.

IV. Giveaway in honor of Andrew Swimmer, retiring member of the Battleford (Saskatchewan) Indian Days powwow committee. This powwow is not sponsored by a reserve band, but is run by a six-man committee drawing upon the several Plains Cree and Plains Ojibwa (Saulteaux) reserves in the Battleford Agency district.

C 554 796 431

2:15 p.m. Powwow dancing began in the arena at noon. Now the announcer gives a speech in Cree, then in English introduces the Battleford Indian Days Committee. He tells us that Mr. Swimmer, vice-president of the Committee, left the hospital to be at this powwow, the last for which he will have served on the Committee. Mr. Swimmer stands, on crutches, with the audience as Small Boy's singers (Small Boy's band is a nativistic group of Plains Cree in Alberta) perform an honoring song. The other members of the Committee, with their families, dance slowly three times around the arena. Two men in the procession wear beaded buckskin jackets and feather bonnets, the others have no or partial costumes.

C 090

2:25 The Committee and their families line up below the announcer's booth. Six men, including the president of the Committee and a man

33: Bradley G-3 (1871-1877) 1923
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

796 535 their places in the dance. As may be supposed the dancers are worn completely out by the close of the ceremony. The movements of the dancers keep time with the beating of a drum accompanied by a monotonous chant which a group of old men seated nearby on the ground keep up continually. [534] [237] The drum used is of rawhide, stretched over a wooden hoop, similar in shape and somewhat larger than a tambourine. It is beaten with a single stick, the pounding end being wrapped with dressed skin or other suitable material.

796 555 [782] During the dance the warriors who have achieved success in war during the previous year enter the lodge to count their *coups* and anyone desiring to make a sacrifice to the sun does so by hanging his offering upon the pole. *Coup* is the French word meaning *blow*, and has come to be the accepted translation of the Blackfoot *nah-mach-kach*, a word difficult to find an exact equivalent for but being nearly "a trophy taken" (Major Culbertson's translation), its root being *nah-mah*, a weapon or military arm. The various exploits of war are denominated coups and reflect honor upon their performers according to a certain fixed scale of merit. To capture an enemy's arms is a coup of the first class; to touch him alive, of the second; to touch his dead body or secure his scalp, of the third; to make a successful theft of an enemy's horses, of the [431] fourth. Those who desire the privilege of recounting their [537] coups must first present a horse to someone at the door of the medicine lodge (an irrevocable gift), when he may enter the lodge and in his turn relate his exploits, illustrating them by gestures indicating the manner of their performance.

The horse stealers, however, are not required to make the gift of a horse at the door but bring with them a bundle of sticks, and, casting one into a fire kept burning in the lodge, say: "At such a time I stole so many horses at such a place, from such enemies." Then casting in another 796 stick describes another occasion. Such are the ceremonies [782] accompanying the sun dance, and when they are concluded all hands break camp and move away, leaving the lodge

33: Bradley G-3 (1871-1877) 1923
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

836 But while the faithless wife was thus exposed to punish-
589 ment and obloquy, it was different with the unmarried woman. She was regarded as mistress of her own actions and no shame attached to her for unchastity. Many young women in every village carried on a business of common prostitutes without suffering any loss of standing. On the contrary, they were received everywhere on terms of social equality, and often subsequently became faithful wives.
837 A similar immunity from punishment or popular censure was enjoyed by the wife whose lewdness was with the consent of or by the direction of her husband. Such cases were not infrequent, sometimes from a desire for gain, again as a point of hospitality to a favored guest, particularly when the host, as was very common with the Blackfeet, enjoyed a plurality of wives.

INTRODUCTION OF THE YOUNG MAN AS A WARRIOR

701 Usually about the age of sixteen the young man is re-
702 garded as a warrior. He reaches this dignity by no ceremony, but it is tacitly admitted by virute of his strength, hardihood and ability and readiness to meet the foe in
[756] combat. When he first determines to seek the war path, his father usually procures the services of a medicine man, who paints him with mystic devices and mutters over him an invocation for courage, success in war, and a safe return, after which his father presents him with weapons
[729] and if able, a horse, and he is ready for the field. As a
[555] rule, the young men are very ambitious to distinguish themselves in war and seek every opportunity to win the
[883] honor that war-like deeds can alone secure. Not infrequently, however, they are great drones, lounging in the village, participating neither in the war nor the chase until they take wives, when perforce they must exert themselves to live.

AGE OF MARRIAGE

584 About the age of twenty-five the young warrior begins to
[582] think of having a wife. Having selected the woman he
[583] would thus honor, he loses no time in employing the civilized device of a tedious and uncertain courtship, but

764 wheel" is *atsot-akeeh' tuksin*. The literal translation is: "from all sides" (*atsot*), "a small marker of stones" (*akeeh'*), "for posterity" (*tuksin*). It will be noted that the word merely designates the radiating lines and makes no reference to the tipi ring itself. This conforms with Blackfoot tradition that the lines were merely appendages to existing tipi rings, rather than the whole marker being constructed at one time.

[555] [729] According to informants, "medicine wheels" were used to mark the residence or grave of a warrior chief. There were apparently three such allied uses: for a tipi in which a warrior chief died and was buried; one in which he had been residing at the time of his death but which was not his burial place; and one which was used during his lifetime but not related to his death. Each may be a variation, or they may reveal a change in the use of these markers over the years.

764 173 [115] The earliest reference to a Blackfoot "medicine wheel" known to informants is credited to Bull Back Fat, a Blood chief who died in 1842. But, according to Jack Low Horn, a reliable Blood informant who supplied this data, the marker did not originate with this chief but "was started in the days when our people used dogs instead of horses." The informant told the following story:

"The use of this sign saved the life of the first Bull Back Fat.[1] The Bloods had been on a raiding party to the south and were returning home. In each camp, Bull Back Fat used these signs around his lodge. A party of enemy Crows discovered one of these camps and saw his marks. They had never seen them before and wondered what they meant, so they began to follow the trail of the Bloods. They found two deserted camps and arrived at the third shortly after the Bloods had left. Bull Back Fat and his wife were a few miles from this camp when they discovered that a colt

[1] There were at least five Blood chiefs named Bull Back Fat during the period 1830-1900 and each is remembered by some characteristic—i.e., the first Bull Back Fat, the short Bull Back Fat, the Bull Back Fat who was buried by women, etc.

[p.177-B]

764 his tipi shortly before his death in 1931. The
172 radiating lines were set in place by Francis Eagle Child following his father's death.

The most interesting "medicine wheel," from all aspects, is the memorial to Steel, a great Blood warrior. It is of the most classic design and the fact that it was constructed in 1940, probably makes it the most recent and last such stone marker.

Born in about 1850, Steel was an outstanding fighter against the Crow and Assiniboin and, although he never gained official chieftain status, he was held in this [555] regard by his people. For his exploits, he [354] became the owner of a 30-buffalo tipi and was permitted to have two fireplaces. Because these two points are reflected in his "medicine wheel" they should be briefly explained.

342 The average Blackfoot tipi contained 12
555 to 14 skins (Ewers, 1955, p. 131), but warriors who performed certain brave deeds were permitted to have tipis made of 30 buffalo skins. Because of its size and weight, such a lodge was said by informants to have been divided in half for moving, and was [556] carried on two travois. Therefore, besides fulfilling the warrior requirements, the owner of such a tipi had to be fairly wealthy in horses. Some Bloods who owned these tipis were Seen From Afar, brothers Hind Bull and Fish Child, Packs His Tail, and Holy Sleeps. Naturally, a 30 buffalo tipi was far larger at the base than the average tipis, and this size is immediately evident when inspecting certain tipi rings or "medicine wheels."

555 If a Blackfoot owner of a 30 buffalo tipi
354 carried his bravery and heroism to an even greater degree, he might become one of the select few to possess twin fireplaces. To gain this envied prize, a warrior had to perform some outstanding *coup* of a double nature. For example, an early Blood chief, Big White Child, knocked two enemy from the same horse—one from each side. Steel, according to an informant, gained twin fireplaces when he killed two Crow Indians in a singularly brave action.

[778] The fireplace nearest the doorway was apparently used for everyday purposes, while the one to the west was reserved for

555 [778] burning incense associated with a medicine pipe held by twin fireplace owners.

[354] Informants knew of only five Bloods who had possessed both 30 buffalo tipis and twin fireplaces. These were the first Bull Back Fat, Tail Feathers Coming Over the Hill, Big White Child, Many Spotted Horses, and Steel. Even Seen From Afar, remembered by the Bloods as their greatest chief, had not performed the "dual" exploits necessary to gain this honor.

764 [555] [729] Therefore, Steel's final memorial—a 30 buffalo tipi ring, with twin fireplaces, and flanked with four radiating lines—would appear to be the greatest tribute that could be paid a Blackfoot warrior chief.

In his later life, Steel was a progressive Indian who lived in a log cabin, built corrals, and owned cattle and horses. Early in [777] [575] 1940, shortly before his death, he pitched his large canvas tipi (of 30 buffalo size) a short distance south of his home, in preparation for a meeting of the Horn Society—a secret organization which guides the religious life of the reserve. Although he used pegs, he also obtained stones to hold the canvas in place. Following the meeting, Steel showed his son, Bob, how to lay out the four directional lines.

Steel died at Standoff on April 7, 1940, and was buried on a hill near the Belly Buttes. His son, assisted by his sister, Mrs. Laurie Plume, then completed the "medicine wheel" in accordance with his father's last wishes.

[555] [729] "The lines signify that he was a brave man, a leader who had been to war," stated his daughter. "It was Steel's wish to have this done as a proper tribute to a warrior chief." She added that, if he had not been entitled to it, the elders of the tribe would have quickly ordered the stones removed, as they were jealous of undeserved honors.

764 172 The Steel "medicine wheel" is located on the Laurie Plume farm, three miles north of Spring Coulee and about three-quarters of a mile from St. Mary River.

The tipi ring portion is 27 feet in diameter (compared to Eagle Child's 12-foot ring) and contains 77 field stones. There is a three-foot entrance to the east which is flanked by two larger stones. The concentric lines are all 30 feet in length, with the stones

the under side of an inclined lodge pole. 281
(See figure 3f). The soft tanned hide was
then ready for use.

30. Softening. Breaking down tissue

Buffalo hides were heavy, bulky objects for a woman to handle. Often the hide was cut in two down the center from head to tail to make dressing easier, and sewed together again after it was completely dressed. Usually this was not done if the worker was certain the hide was to be used for a robe.

The skins of animals of the deer family [412]
were dressed like those of buffalo, except that after the oil was worked into the skin, the hair side was rubbed with a rib-bone beaming tool to be sure that all the fine hairs were removed.

Women who were industrious and skill- 281
ful skin dressers were very proud of their 555
achievements. Girls were taught that ability in this work helped to attract a desirable husband. Older women spoke with pride of the number of skin lodges they had made, much as the successful warrior boasted of his deeds of valor.

Smoking of Skins

Skins to be used for making clothing usu- 281
ally were smoked after they had been dress- 294
ed. This smoking enabled them to dry soft and pliant after the garments had been exposed to rain or snow. The smoky odor that [751]

[P 12-A]

joints of garments or containers by covering them with bands of decoration in beadwork or quillwork, or adding an ornamental skin fringe. This way of hiding the seams is demonstrated in the decoration of men's dress shirts made by the Blackfeet. Invariably, the long sleeve seams of the shirts are covered with decorated bands of ornamentation. (See illustration on page 47.)

The preparation of skins, and their manufacture into useful articles were laborious, time-consuming, even monotonous women's tasks. But they were very necessary ones for the Blackfeet. Most White people are inclined to overlook work in skins in favor of the more colorful and striking decorative arts of painting, quillwork and beadwork. It is not so with Indians. They are quick to notice and approve a finely dressed skin of soft, even texture and color, or a well made skin article. They are quick to reject a poorly dressed skin or a careless piece of sewing. Of the four major crafts, work in skins was certainly of basic importance. Women who were especially skilled in this work had a right to be proud of their ability.

PAINTING

Next to the dressing and sewing of skins, painting is probably the oldest of the major Blackfeet arts or crafts. Certainly it dates back to prehistoric times. Early traders and explorers, found the Blackfeet living in painted lodges and wearing painted buffalo robes. The materials used in painting were readily obtained in the Blackfeet country.

Paints

Native paints were both numerous and ingenious. They were derived from animal, vegetable and mineral sources. Earth paints were most common. The Blackfeet employed a half-dozen different reds, providing colors of several hues and intensities. Red paints were prepared from crimson colored earth, and crushed, pale, reddish-yellow rock. A reddish brown was obtained by baking a gray or yellowish clay over ashes until it turned red. In the spring of the year the

41: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1945
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

were used for filling in the larger masses. 413
A separate brush was employed for each color.

Articles Painted

Articles usually decorated with painted 531
designs by the Blackfeet were parfleches (folded, envelope-like, rectangular packing cases, sometimes called "Indian suitcases"), other rectangular folded cases, tubular cases, shields, and drum heads—all of rawhide. Thick rawhide knife sheaths were sometimes painted. Soft skin robes, men's shirts and leggings, lodge linings and lodge covers were often painted. Some objects of wood, such as the tripods supporting the back-rests used inside lodges, arrow shafts, war clubs, and dance paraphernalia also were painted.

Men's Painting and Women's Paintings

As a general rule women were the painters 531
of geometric designs on rawhide cases, 532
robes and lodge linings; men used human [555]
and animal forms and painted the devices [212]
on their shields and drums, the religious symbols on their lodge covers, and covered their robes with picture writing, extolling their deeds of braver, in ar.

[P. 15-B]

robes, but the only one elderly blackfeet can remember, and the only one common in museum collections, is the pattern the Indians term "marked robe" or "real painted robe." It is a very simple pattern consisting of five or more equally spaced, narrow, parallel lines of decoration running lengthwise of the robe. These lines were usually broken at intervals into rectangular blocks of different colors. Either men or women wore these robes. The pattern was first mentioned by Maximilian in 1833. Elkskin robes bearing this pattern are still worn by Blackfeet medicine women in the annual Sun Dance ceremony. Older Indians say the pattern had no symbolic meaning; it was just a design that appealed to the Blackfeet.

531 294 [175] [178]

The large, buffalo skin draft screens that lined the lower portions of Blackfeet lodges were painted with bright geometric designs by women. The painting was confined to a long, narrow horizontal band near the top of the lining, and additional vertical bands projecting downward from it at intervals of about 15 inches. Simple as this pattern was it was distinctly Blackfeet.

531 [353]

Some men, who had fine war records, preferred to paint pictographic representations of their deeds of valor on their lodge linings.

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291 294 531

15. "Marked robe" of cowhide.

[P.20-B]

41: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1945 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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[P-22-A]

17. A warrior's robe, painted about 1855-1870

Even though a renowned warrior owned a "marked robe," he preferred to wear a robe on which was pictured his successful encounters with the enemy and symbolic of his leadership in war. War history robes were always painted by men. Either the wearer decorated his own robe or he secured the services of a more skillful painter to do it for him. In painting war history robes, only hot water was mixed with the paint and the figures were made freehand with a bone brush. The figures on Blackfeet robes are generally more notable for their informative than for their aesthetic quality. Compared with the semi-realistic, decorative figures painted by Cheyenne and Teton Dakota artists during the latter part of the nineteenth century, most Blackfeet figures are but crude suggestions of living forms, human or animal. Some Blackfeet men painted the figures in outline, others in solid monochrome. The paintings comprise a series of representations of events, scattered over the surface of the robe without any effort to devise an orderly composition. Blackfeet work is more properly termed picture writing than art. However, this simple pictorial shorthand served adequately to tell other Indians,

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[555]
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18. Some common symbols used in painting war records. 1. Enemy camp (tripods represent lodges). 2. Enemy war party intrenched in a hole. 3. Three methods of representing the taking of a picketed horse from an enemy camp. 4. Horse taken in an open fight. 5. Trade blanket taken from an enemy. 6. Gun taken from an enemy. 7. Bow taken from an enemy. 8. Quiver taken from an enemy. 9. Shield taken from an enemy. 10. Two ways of showing an enemy killed. 11. Enemy's scalp taken. 12. Our hero served as leader of a war party. 13. Hero served as war party scout.

[P 22-B]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 24-B]

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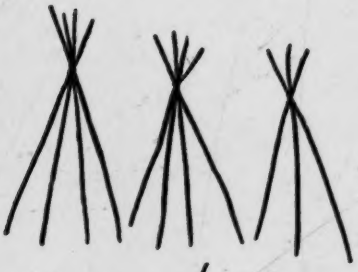

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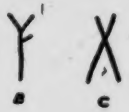

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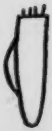

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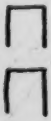

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41: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1945
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

familiar with the language of the painted figures, exactly what the brave man's claims to distinction were. It indicated, with great economy of line, the number of horses he had stolen from enemy camps on each war party, the number of enemy weapons or other valuable personal equipment he had taken, the number of the enemy he had killed or wounded, the number of times he had served in the responsible position of leader of a war party or as a scout. Some of the common symbols of this pictorial shorthand are shown in figure 18.

Another valuable symbol was the pictographic signature which served to identify the individual Indian by name. The lone Indian when separated from his war party or his camp could draw his signature, coupled with other pictographs indicating his recent actions, and a small arrow indicating his direction of movement, on a rock, a piece of bone, skin or cloth and leave it in a conspicuous place where others of his tribe might find it and learn of his past accomplishments and future plans. A few pictographic signatures of well known elderly Indians of the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana, are shown in figure 19.

The most remarkable and awe-inspiring of Blackfeet paintings are the larger than life size murals of animals painted on the conical outer walls of their lodge covers.

[P. 24-B)

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69. Straight up feather bonnet.

of the ceremonial paraphernalia of a society of older men known as the Bulls. Other "straight-up bonnets" were known to have had their origin in the dreams of powerful men who therein received instructions to make them. They were worn in ceremonies, on dress occasions, and in war. It took a very brave man to go into battle in a "straight-up bonnet," for his conspicuous headdress made him a marked man, a desirable target for enemy fire. 292 [515] [187] [555]

In making the typical "straight-up bonnet" a piece of thin rawhide was used for the base of the headband, cut to a length equal to that of the wearer's shoulders, and several inches wide. The piece of rawhide was folded on the long dimension. At evenly spaced intervals holes were cut in the rawhide along the fold for the insertion of the feathers. The feathers were cleverly attached to the headband so that the method of attachment was concealed from view after the bonnet was finished. Each feather [824] 294 237

[P. 60-A]

52: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910) 1911 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

A few days later they started on a new trip. Bear-chief was the leader. There were four Peigans, and seventy Crows. The Sioux were looking out for enemies, and saw the party coming. Then they made a charge on Bear-chief and his people. The Crows did their very best to escape. Bear-chief and the three other Peigans stayed behind and fought the Sioux. This was about noon, when the Sioux made a charge on them, and it was late in the evening, before they stopped fighting. They started home that evening, and travelled all night. Early in the morning Bear-chief killed a buffalo-cow. They skinned it, and commenced their breakfast. Whilst they were eating, they saw on a high bank, just above them, a rider. He spoke to Bear-chief's people, and before they could answer him, two more jumped up at his side, and shot at Bear-chief's companions. But then, seeing that there were so many, they ran away. They were Sioux. The Crows went after those Sioux. Bear-chief and the three others went in the opposite direction, where they saw one rider, a Sioux. This rider fled into the brushes. The others did not want to help him, but Bear-chief alone followed him, and shot at him, every time he saw him through the brush, till the Sioux went out into the prairie, where he was hard to get at. Bear-chief rode up to him, and the Sioux would shoot him, but Bear-chief's horse kicked the gun out of the Sioux' hands, and ran over him. The Sioux got up, and took his gun. He shot at Bear-chief twice, and the third time the gun refused to work. Then Bear-chief attacked him with a butcher-knife, cut him over his face, and near his heart, and cut off his head before he died. Then all the Crows, the whole seventy, came up. In the meantime Bear-chief's three companions, that stood upon a hill, had taken eight horses from the Sioux, who was fighting Bear-chief. They travelled night and day to get home. 115 726 [648]

The Crows were very glad, that a Sioux had been killed, though they did not kill him themselves. Then the Peigans held a counsel, and invited Bear-chief among them. The chiefs told Bear-chief, that he had done many daring deeds, and that he was already a chief on account of those, but that they now would give him a new name, instead of Takes-the-first-gun (Itóminàmaχka), the name he had borne till that moment. It was decided upon, that he should be called Bear-chief (Ninoχkyàio), after old Big-nose. And then they had scalp-dances every night, for a week or more. 115 727 [555] [553] [551] [585]

A few days after that there were five in a party. Bear-chief was the leader. They went to the Sioux. They saw the camp at a long distance. He told his party to stay behind, whilst he himself would 115 726

Ki omá námaχkau áutòmomaχkau. Aítspyómaχkàs, ótapìsin itáskunzkiòp. Itáskskisiu: Nikáitâχpatsistûaχpi, onámai nitótoain. Ki itáitsotsistsinatomoau. Okóaii támitsipim. Matsiszmóa itomoóyi Mátokeks. Itsitápoχtoòiniks. Itsitótòiaiks okóaii omá saiínikiu. A'itotsinòkimaiaiks. O'ksòkoaiks ótoχkznsokomaχkokaiks. Ponokâ'nitai, piápi, áunyaie nitsókomàχkiu. Ki omá stsíka ponopáni mátsinàmaχkau mátsitapoiau Mátokeks. Mátsinokimakàiks. Píapìi kákakàuo ótsokomaχkòaχpiaiks. Ki stsíkim iníkìim Mátokeks mátsitotsinòkimaiau. Ki ámoii píapi matakâuo mátsokomaχkòyiuaiks. Itonítsotsèiau: O'kí, anétakìt, ánni nínauàki, áχkitonìtoχsòp. Kitoχkémaiks apâ'χpiskinisàu. A'inkauâχkìsiau. Sûámists itáisapoχkyàkiu, okámipuyisnàmists, atskináisnàmists. Mátsitaisapoχkyàkiu áuotànists, áiistsâχsatòmiau. Ninámiskaχkùiinnimànists matáiistsâχsatòmiau. Saáitsikoχkìniks mátâχkiniâχsatsìauaiks. A'pîχsoyisokùsists mátaisapskûχsatòmiauaists. Sapæpístatsiks iχ'táutauanàuaχkìsiau, ækspíkainàmaiks mátoχtautauanàuaχkìsiau, ki omá námaχkau omí námaii otoχkéthey [the returning warriors] were known: We shall have a circle in sight. Then they [the people in the camp] made a rush out. We ran singing scalp-songs. Then they [the returning warriors] ran through the camp. We were shooting. We began to run across one another. 539 727 533

And that one that got a gun ran ahead [of his companions]. When he ran into the camp, we — all the people — were shooting. Then he told what he had done: There he lies, where I shot him down. I took his gun from him. And then the women yelled for him. He then entered his lodge. After a short while the Women-society gathered. They [the women of that society] went to him. They came to the lodge of him who had killed [an enemy] and counted coup. They had there a happy dance. All his relations gave presents for him [to the dancing women]. Horses [and] things were the presents they made. And the Women-society also would go to the other one who had taken the quiver and arrows and counted coup. They also had a happy dance for him [in his honour]. There were many things given to them [to the dancing women] by him [by his relations] for presents. And the Women-society would also have a happy dance for still another one who killed an enemy. And there were many things again given to them by him [by his 539 727 575 555 595 431 539 727 575 555 595 431 431

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539 man mátoχtautauanàuaχkìsin. Ki
722 akâ´χtsimaie ómaχkètaχsin. A´u-
535 matapauaχkìsin ótakèsin. A´kai-
[555 kanistsinìm opokúiimatsists. A´ita-
575 nistsinatsiaists ánni otsikékinaχ-
[431 soàts. Omá saχkínau námaχkau
omí nápii kákitsitokapoχtsiu-
[302 anàakaie. Ki otáiapitaχskotokàie.
[292

relations]. They hurried one another: Come on, make haste, all of you, men, that we may have the scalp-dance. You must put paint on the faces of your wives. They [your wives] will shake their heads [dance]. They [the men] put on the war-bonnets, the war-bonnets with tails down the back [literally: the war-bonnets standing straight up], [and] the horn-war-bonnets. They [the men] would put on shields, they would pack them on their backs. They would also pack medicine-pipes on their backs. They put sleigh-bells on their necks. They also put on weasel-tail-suits. Some of them would use spears as canes while dancing, others would use bows as canes while dancing, and the wife of him who had taken the gun would use that gun as a cane while dancing. And there was a big scalp-dance. Now the women began to shake their heads [to dance]. They already held their fans. They [the fans] looked like snow-birds [literally: shoulder-bone-tail-feathers]. That young man that took the gun was just led round about through the crowd by an old man. And he [this old man] was singing old man's songs [praises] to him.

[293]

[533
555]

539 Ki omíma ómâχtsiniki[A]χ pim
726 otáutsapàkaie. Itsáipiu. Itáuauχ-
[721 kàntsimiuaie. A´isakayayìu ótakèsi-
nn. Maiáists moyists spóχtsim
atoksípistàn ánnimaie taiχ´tsiu.
A´istamauauaχkautsìm ksistsikús.
A´ikakaiâχtsimiàu námaiksâ´χtàs.

And he was pursued by those people, one of whom he had killed. [They came near the Peigan camp.] Then they [the Peigans] made a charge on them. Then they [the Peigans] had a fight with them. All the women ran out fast.

A [Erratum: this should read ómâχtsinìkiχpim--Analyst]

six years before the old Chief passed away in Washington, D.C., still fighting for the rights of his people. The Chief has already given me a photostatic copy of the official proclamation of his chieftainship.

In order to understand the significance of this document, one must have some knowledge of the social and economic structure of the Blackfoot Nation as it existed in the century past. Especially must one have some acquaintance with the Blackfoot system of government and the hierarchy of chiefs under which the Blackfoots lived. The movies usually portray a band of Indians being ruled over by a single chief whose primary pastime is to lead his warriors off after as many enemy scalps as he can lay his scalping knife on. This is bunk. In the first place, the taking of enemy scalps or in most cases even the killing of the enemy was not the most laudatory of feats among the Plains Indians. Indians—the Blackfoots, at least—were considerably more practical than that. Like all cultural groups, they had some damn-fool ideas, but they were much more interested in possessing something useful or necessary to their existence—a gun or a horse—than in having somebody's old second-hand hair. (It was the Blackfoot women, not the men, who displayed the scalps during a victory dance, and oftentimes they were simply thrown away afterward—unless the hair might be used in decorative work.)

Insofar as the chiefs were concerned, a war chief was generally of his own making and he might or might not have much influence in the tribe; there were many war chiefs in every Indian band, and each one was subject to fall from favor should his medicine fail to work and his followers (who might be only a few of his own relatives or clan members) take a drubbing by the enemy. War chief was a step in the right direction, though, and if a war chief displayed consistent qualities of wisdom and good judgment as well as bravery he might well earn the position of *band chief* or *civil chief*, who was the real leader of the tribe.

The band chief had a lot of influence in the tribe, but he also carried a tremendous weight of responsibility. Not only did he sit at the head of the council of war chiefs of his band, but he made decisions regarding where and when the camp would be moved, where and when the buffalo hunts would take place, etc. It was also the responsibility of the band chief to see to it that when the camp moved, all persons, including the aged and the infirm, were provided with horses so that they would be able to move their belongings at a pace that would not delay the group in general. This was why horses were so important to the Blackfoots, and why the ability

to steal horses from the enemy was the primary key to social and political advancement among all the Plains Tribes. It is also of importance to know that not only was a chief expected to be able to obtain horses and guns from the enemy, he was expected to be very generous in loaning or giving these articles to those who lacked them. Especially the head or civil chiefs were often quite poor simply because they had given so much of their material accumulation to other persons. This great burden of obligation which the civil chief bore in the name of his people was one reason that some war chiefs actually refused to accept the position of civil chief: they were too stingy, and of course when this fact became known the tribe would not have retained them as civil chiefs anyway. Generosity is still highly regarded among the Blackfoots, and even today the stingy Indian is regarded with contempt. Obviously then, since the Chief's older brother Wolf Tail retained in his personal possession the fantastic number of one thousand horses, the man was not overly burdened with charitable tendencies. And that is why old Onistáipokah made sure that my Indian dad, who is generous to a fault, became civil chief in his stead. Little could the old Chief have known that in 1935 the Wheeler-Howard Act would deprive his generous and capable son of any real authority and place tribal control instead in the hands of a tribal council.

The fact that the Blackfoots and Plains Tribes in general were directed in the more important aspects of life by the authority of a civil chief, does not in any way imply a sequacious leaning on the part of Indians. The civil chief controlled the destiny of his people only so long as the strength of his personality and the obvious correctness of his judgments served to vindicate his authority. The American Indian was and is an individualist in the most trying connotation of the word; no single person ever held total sway over any Plains Tribe. Every Indian battle ever fought was conducted not as a single concerted effort under the master guidance of a single commander or strategist-in-chief, but as the coincidentally combined efforts of numerous small groups or individuals, each fighting as he damn well pleased. This is true even of such supposedly masterminded military operations as Chief Joseph's withdrawal to the Canadian line and, especially, the Battle of the Little Big Horn. It is, from the point of view of the Indian at least, a damn shame that the Plains Indians couldn't have stuck together. Even today, one of the main problems of the American Indians is that they cannot stick together and function politically as a single force. The Plains Indian constituted the best light cavalryman the world has

539 of the Blackfoots and the chiefs of the Snake Persons would
648 meet at the Big River. [The Chief used the term, *Ó-mach-k'tai:*
[103] Big River, and since this is the Blackfoot name for the Missouri River, I believe that the reference was to the Missouri and not to the body of water located west of the Rockies which is today known as Big River.] When they met in the water of the *Ó-mach-k'tai*, the chiefs of the two nations would count coup by
[555] touching each other lightly with their lances. Each time they touched one another they would shout their coups back to their own camps, and that night each camp would have a victory celebration as though there had been a real battle instead of just a friendly ceremony. The next day, the two nations would exchange gifts, and then each would go its separate way, singing.

539 It was customary in those days that when the Blackfoots had
[291] a dance each girl should dress in the manner of her husband or sweetheart; in this way, everybody could tell whose woman
[554] she was. The men displayed their war honors by decorating
825 their belongings with the white winter skin of the weasel [the
[301] Blackfoots believed the weasel to be the most courageous of all wild animals], and by wearing in their hair the feathers of the hawk and of the eagle. But since it was not proper for a woman to wear feathers, the Blackfoot ladies attended the dances with their hair decorated instead with braids of *ah-pu-tú-yis* [white grass].

There was at this time among the Blackfoots a young man known as Ah-pi-koh-koh-mi-nim-mah: Round Scabby Robe. Round Scabby Robe was pretty much the camp buffoon; he was not a good hunter, he had no war honors, and his only robe was a scabby old hide which he had cut into the shape of a circle. Round Scabby Robe was too poor to take a wife, but he was secretly in love with the youngest wife—the "far-away" wife—of the head chief, and she in turn was in love with Round Scabby Robe.

595 [Although a Blackfoot man—especially if he were a chief—
539 might have several wives, his various spouses were not considered to share positions of equal privilege in his lodge. A definite hierarchy of both social prestige and household authority existed among the good ladies, top dog being the "sits-by-him," wife (so called because she was the one who sat nearest her husband at social and religious functions). Next in line was the "takes-care-of-him" wife, and so on down the ladder until

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

122 about the Chief's early life, I learned instead why it is that so many
538 ethnologists and anthropologists are a bit buggy.

THE TIME I CUT THE SUN DANCE POLE

159 The Chief's next story consisted of the following statement:
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At the time I was chosen to cut the centerpole for the Medicine Lodge at the Sun Dance [a very great honor, granted only to warriors of outstanding achievement] I recited the following war honors:

I took the scalp of a Cree.

I stole all the horses of Little Shield, a Gros Ventre, and brought them back to Canada. [Not to be confused with the Blackfoot war chief named Little Shield.]

I shot a horse from under Night Eagle, a Chippewa chief.

One of our men got left behind during a war party against the Crows, and I went back and saved his life.

The maddening aspect of this little narrative was that any one of these events, if told in detail, would undoubtedly be a much better story than the others the Chief told me tonight. But he did not elaborate upon these achievements, and I dared not ask him to.

538 The Chief, as always, was obviously more interested in reciting
[829] the old traditional Blackfoot tales than in telling of his personal ad-
[126] ventures; he is saddened by the fact that very few of today's Black-
foot youngsters display even the faintest interest in the old legends, and he wants me to record them so that they will not be lost to future generations. During the evening he remarked that the man who is "buying stories" around town is not getting anything for his money but a bunch of tall tales. I believe this, because the Chief and Chewing Black Bones, a Piegan nearly as old as the Chief, are the only ones left who really know the old stories. Old Chewing Black Bones is a bitter old warrior who has very little use for the White Man; he will speak with Father Mallman, with a young White man whom he has adopted as the Chief has adopted me, and with a few other Whites whom he has learned to trust, but for a strange White man to attempt to approach him would be entirely fruitless. And neither the Chief nor old Chewing can be bought.

[861] The Chief explained that he learned the old traditional and his-

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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Coup Stick

Thursday, September 20

122 (*Ni*)*tdh-kau-tote*(*eh*) means, "I am going to build a fire." Jim said it, and I said, "*So-kdh-pi*," and after the fire was built, Jim cooked breakfast.

122 196 But I dined largely on erudition. I am still working on the word *sixty-sou* (*sik-sti-su* would be better, I think), and at the morning meal I raked Jim and the Chief over various syntactic, semantic and paradigmatic coals in an effort to determine exactly what the word really means. It means "moose," of course, but in literal translation it would be "black" something-or-other. *Sik* means "black" (although it can also be used to suggest "night"), but the closest I can come to a translation of the remainder of the word (*-sti-sú*) is, "heading for the center of the place where all the people are."

Jim says that his nearest approach to an English translation of *sik-sti-su* would be, "Black-going-to-town." Agnes Morning Gun, whose pronunciation of the word is different from Jim's (she sounds it as *sik-sti-sú-eh*), interprets *sik* as an adjective instead of a noun, and she does not believe that such syntactic elements as verb, preposition or object are present or implied within the phrase at issue; her translation is simply, "Black town."

ther back from us. We fired at them as they ran, but we could not hit any of them. Then, as the last man left the willows, I fired and I knew that I had hit him. I could *feel* that I had hit him. 721 726

This man we shot was an Indian, but he appeared to be dressed in a soldier's uniform. He had on a blue coat, blue pants, and a hat hanging behind his head on a cord. When we hit him he did not go down but staggered back into the willow clump he had just left. He stood there, shooting back at us, and we could see that his war party was moving away from us all the time, going from one clump of bushes to another, shooting back at us as they went.

At about this time, Wolf Sitting spied some horses hidden behind a hill. He figured they were the enemy's horses, so he went over to where they were and counted coup on them by striking each one with a stick. One of them was the prettiest thing I had ever seen; it was a buckskin with one glass [white] eye, and it was wearing a wide beaded bridle and a fully beaded Indian saddle. [555]

The other three of us kept shooting at the enemy, and it was Young Pine who finally finished off the wounded man in the willows. Young Pine shot, and we could see the man turn slowly and fall face downward. Young Pine, Prairie Chicken Old Man and I all charged then, and it was I who reached the fallen man first. I threw myself on top of him, and while I was taking his belt and hat I looked around for his rifle, but Prairie Chicken Old Man beat me to it. I turned the fallen enemy over then, preparing to scalp him, but when I saw his face I jumped back. He was an awful sight. Blood was running from his nose and mouth, and his eyes looked as though they were frozen. The man had two braids. Young Pine scalped one, and then I scalped the other.

The enemy were still shooting at us, so we decided to pull out. Calf Robe and Crazy Crow came up to where we were, but they had abandoned all the horses except the two they were riding. The rest of the fellows started out, taking with them the captured enemy horses. Wolf Sitting was leading the buckskin with the pretty bridle and saddle, Young Pine was leading a roan with white mane and tail, and Prairie Chicken Old Man was leading a bay. Calf Robe and Crazy Crow weren't doing anything but riding the horses they were on. They were the only two who did not count coup in the battle. [555]

571 contact beyond the immediate Reserve community, he runs
648 afoul of the ambivalent relations between the Blood and white communities. Both communities hold mixed feelings about one another and attempt to discourage external rela-
562 tions. Male-female relations are tenuous. From the
593 strained relations between brother and sister to the aggressive acts between sweethearts and spouses this pattern emerges. It is a common pattern. Independent young men and women cannot easily change attitudes learned in the rough and tumble of parental marital crises and intercultural hostility.

Athletics

526 This competitive independence would have been more
[155] apparent if it were possible to include the various athletic
[555] activities engaged in by the young men. For the young Blood, these activities lead to personal achievement, and, therefore, they select activities that they do well. What the young man does well has to do with his general back-
[541] ground and the opportunities it provides. Several of the young men of the sample, brought up in a ranching or stock rearing environment, specialized in rodeo events such as calf roping and bronc riding. Others, only marginally connected with this life also chose to compete in bronc riding.
524 Many homes that are devoid of livestock sport a "bucking

524 barrel" for practice and sport. Little boys whose fathers have not owned a horse in years practice and play by the 526 hour on this device. Others, without horses or livestock, turn to track and field, a sport that is quite popular on [555] the Reserve. The attraction of this selection is the recognition gained during the annual athletic "field days" at Stand-off and Moses Lake. Other activities for the non-equestrian young man are basketball, softball, baseball, or hockey. All are viewed as the white-man activities, and command a limited but interested following. Each of the schools on the Reserve fields teams in these sports. Among the sample members there are two excellent basketball players, a few baseball and softball players, and a number of hockey enthusiasts. Related to these white-man sports is boxing. As can be seen from the popularity of this sport as a "favorite" among the young men, it is another [555] important athletic activity. Finally, some of the young men who do not excel at any of the sports strive to gain recognition in some other ways, often in their studies.

Summary of the Life History

159 The young man of the Blood Reserve can be seen as a vigorous individualist who orients himself toward personal achievement and self gratification. However, he relates this achievement to his acceptance by his peers or to feel-

554 ready cash income and a relatively secure financial future. This cash and security should come primarily from his skill, his ability, rather than from investment or inheritance.

555 The successful Blood must then exhibit some mastery over the artifacts and occupants of his trade or home environment. He would do well to demonstrate this mastery through his skill in handling livestock or skill in some other outdoor [460] occupation. This outdoor occupation should have as concomitants activity, excitement, healthy manual labor, and the successful Blood should epitomize the results of such activity.

Rejected Instrumental Activities

461 The relevance of this tentative interpretation can be reinforced by examining the attributes of the frequently rejected instrumental activities. If some of the activities that are rejected exhibit the success goals discussed above, or if some of the attributes of the popularly acceptable activities are prominent among those of the rejected activities, then the profile must be modified. If the acceptable attributes are missing or are portrayed in negative terms, we shall then be able to proceed to listing young Blood instrumental values.

Bartender.--Most prominent among the rejected I.A.'s is Bartender. Thirty-three informants (83% of the sample)

55: Fisher E-5 (1962-1963) 1983 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

461 are seen by the young Blood to be white men. They are seen as belonging to the white community. However, it is very important to note that the young Blood's view of these professions is not the same as a white man's view. Except in the case of Priest-Clergy, it is not the style of life that is being objected to; rather the young Blood judged these activities in terms of value laden assessments or persons occupying the roles inherent in these activities.

Indeed, it would seem that the young Blood are interpreting the meanings of these occupations with an eye to the past. During aboriginal past and the early Reserve years there were Blood who occupied positions analogous to the roles of Doctor, Politician, and Priest-Clergy.[3] However, these occupations were not specialized separate entities, nor were they activities that could be directly and overtly sought 756 after in the manner of today. The medical practitioner of 555 fifty to seventy-five years ago on the Blood Reserve would probably be a religious functionary and a strong political figure.[4] This individual would only occasionally seek to advance his position as a medical or religious practitioner through training or specialization. The general rule was that one became knowledgeable in these areas through contact with supernatural beings and through the possession of supernatural power.[5] The possession of numerous medicine bundles,

experience in the handling of such religious fetishes, and the practical application of such power were the avenues to success in such activities much as knowledge and experience lead to success today. Indeed, this power concept pervaded all aspects of Blood life, there being no firm line drawn between the effects of supernatural power and individual ability. Thus it would be likely for a man knowledgeable in the arts of curing, in the handling of religious fetishes, and in their application to be successful in the political domain as well. In those days, the successful man needed power to obtain economic and spiritual rewards, and, on the basis of his redistribution of this natural largesse, his political stock rose and fell.[6] Conversely, a man could become one of some moment through his intelligent participation in the economic aspect of the bundle complex. By wisely investing his horse capital in various bundles, by selling and purchasing a number of these bundles, a man could rise to notoriety.

As the aboriginal equivalents to the roles Doctor, Priest-Clergy, and Politician were valued as expressions of success, one might expect them to be valued today. To some degree they are valued; each occupation was seen by a few young Blood as "good." On the other hand, the young Blood's specific opinion did not reinforce this positive view. It

461 reflect a continuation of traditional conceptualization. Indecision, as mentioned in Chapter II, indicates that the activity is not conceptually clear, and in these cases possibly pre-empt one another's positions or conceptual areas. The different type of expressed valuation relates to this [555] confusion and to its cause. The cause is the continuing effect of the traditional concept of supernatural power, and the relationship of such power to success in general and specifically in relation to these three activities. The presence of the concept of power is thought to be illustrated in the Blood attitude toward knowledge of and about these activities, in the specific relationship between power and Medicine Man and its corollary in regard to Doctor (no persons directly denied the existence of power in relation to aboriginal curing), and in the general mistrust of Priests and Politicians. When a comparison is made between the traditional activities such as Chief Making and Medicine Man and the three contemporary activities, a significant amount of overlap and confusion is introduced. This is thought to be another indication of traditional ideational carry-over in that these activities contrast so markedly with the clear patterns of attitude and valuation in regard to the frequently accepted or rejected I.A.'s. In conclusion, it is suggested that the reason the two traditional Indian activities

181 practicality of gaining something practical from the raid;
175 advice relating to one's prestige here and now and in the un-
[178] certain future. These concerns are strongly represented in the contemporary protocols.

178 The continuing interests of past and present center
181 on the practical outlook, on know-how, and on the strong drive for success. The foci remain the same; however, the objects of valuation and the relative strength of valuation have shifted. Most prominent today are technological know-
[826] how, money, practicality and success. Yesterday, in the distant past, the most prominent concern was with physical
[702] good looks, good condition, and social achievement. The
181 training of warriors and their vanity suggests this. An-
175 other concern of the past was the independent pursuit of one's goals and the physical concomitants to the active outdoor life. As today's rodeo hands know well, injury and destruction are commonplace in such a life.

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> The cry [death cry] was from a young man who held his Bow and Arrows, and showed one of his thighs torn by a grizled bear, and which had killed two of his companions. The two young men who were destroyed by the bear, had each two iron shod arrows, and the camp being near, they had attacked the bear for his skin and claws. But unfortunately their arrows stuck in the bones of his ribs, and only irritated him; he sprung on the first, and with one of his dreadful fore paws tore out his bowels and three of his ribs; the second he seized in his paws, and almost crushed him to death, threw him down, when the third Indian hearing their cries came to their assistance and sent an arrow,

175 672 555 which only wounded him in the neck, for which the bear chased him, and slightly tore one of his thighs. The first poor fellow was still alive and knew his parents, in whose arms he expired. The bear, for the mischief he had done was condemned to be burnt to ashes, the long claws of his fore paws, very sharp and long, the young man wanted for a collar but it was not granted; those who burned the bear watched until nothing but ashes remained.[21]

175 555 Here the young Peigan face danger to obtain the valuable claws and coat of the "grizled bear." Because of this two of them are killed. These unfortunate circumstances do not forestall the third young man from asking for the decorative claws and coat of the Bear. This request would indicate that the persons involved were actively and independently [626] striving for socio-economic rewards. The fact that "those who burned the bear watched until nothing but ashes remained" would indicate a concomitant laxness or flexibility of social controls.

626 175 595 This laxity is also conveyed by other statements from Thompson wherein he notes that the young men would challenge the respected elders in the matter of procuring wives. As noted in Chapter I, the Blood-Blackfoot were polygynous during the period of classic Plains culture.[A] Older men would marry a number of women, much to the distress of the younger men. However, Thompson says, "Every year there are some 626 175 runaway matches between the young men and women."[22] The young men of this era were not averse to challenging authority [181]

A. [See Category 595, p. 16--Analyst]

55: Fisher E-5 (1962-1963) 1983 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

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importance that the historian and searcher after facts neatly verified not look to him for definitive historical truth. This was not his forte or his aim. What appears in this book has, however, something of the indispensable value of a George Fredrick Ruxton in Life in the Far West. As such, it may have that same atmospheric value for an interpretation of Indian life that Ruxton's recaptured lingo and adventures of the mountain man of a century and a quarter ago have for an interpretation of life in the Far West.[38] [Emphasis his.]

As a storyteller, he undoubtedly took some liberties with factual history, and yet he lived most of the history he relates in this book, and should have known it well.[39] [Emphasis his.]

These weaknesses of the Schultz materials should be kept in mind. As for these stories and their use in the present study, it would be unfortunate if they were mere journals. What is needed are knowledgeable and insightful statements about the attitudes and motivations of Blackfoot Indians of this era. This Schultz is particularly suited to do. He is, in many ways, the literate equivalent of the Blackfoot storyteller, the kind of informant used by Clark Wissler and Grinnell in collecting their anthologies of myth and adventure tales. Therefore, although Mr. Schultz cannot be trusted to provide verifiable historical truth, he can provide an intimate view of the attitudes and feelings of the Indian compatriots.

Schultz was writing for magazine consumers in the East, and therefore his tales frequently centered around violence and bloodshed. He discusses masculine ideals and

M5 555

175 555 their effects upon the Blackfoot extensively.

> The young and middle-aged men of the tribe were constantly setting out for, or returning from war, in parties from a dozen to fifty or more. That was their recreation, to raid the surrounding tribes who preyed upon their vast hunting ground, drive off their horses, and take their scalps if they could.[40]
>
> Spear Woman happily looked on [as her son scalped an Assiniboin], singing and exclaiming again and again: "My son Eagle Head, he killed this enemy. Brave is my son Eagle Head."[41]
>
> How the women would embrace and hang on to their loved ones safely returned; and presently they could be heard chanting, the praises of husband, or son, or brother. . . . They were so happy and proud, that they could not sit still; and every now and then one of them would go out and walk about among the lodges, again chanting praise of the loved one.[42]
>
> Badger Woman and Little Bird Woman, listening to our talk, became excited and pleased. Said the mother: "Oh, Fox Eyes! Oh, my son! I am so glad that, at last, you are able to do this [to fast for a vision]. Too long have you been a lonely, friendless one, unable to take part in the dances and the happy feast gatherings of the All Friends bands. But now all that is to end. Oh, how proud I shall be of you, someday seeing you returning with a war party, waving enemy scalps, singing the victory song, riding and driving before you enemy horses.[43]

[81] In these statements the compulsion to become a successful Blood is made quite clear. Mothers, sisters, and, most probably, girl friends join in the praising and recognizing of achievement. This fixation upon these interests extended to Schultz as well.

> "Why don't you get a woman?" Weasel Tail abruptly asked one evening as Talks-with-the-Buffalo and I sat smoking with him in this lodge. "Yes," my other friend put in. "Why not? You have the right to do so, for you can count coup; yes two of them. You killed a Cree and captured a horse in the fight at the Hairy Cap."[44]

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555 Notable, here, and in the previous quotations, is the relationship between personal status and economic assets--in this case, horses. Minimal status implies practical economic acquisitions, as well as minimal standards of behavior, i.e., having gone to war. In these cases the behaviors and standards refer to the intimate reference group mentioned in the previous section by Thompson. Thus Schultz, in order to qualify for Indian marriage must live up to some Indian standards. However, his position was not that of a young Blackfoot.

> Well, I got the girl. It was an embarrasing time for us both when she came in one evening, shawl over her face, while we were eating supper. Sorrel Horse and his woman were there, and with Berry and his madame they made things interesting for us with their jokes, until Berry's mother put a stop to it. We were a pretty shy couple for a long time, she especially. "Yes" and "no" were about all that I could get her to say. But my room underwent a wonderful transformation; everything was kept so neat and clean, my clothes were so nicely washed, and my "medicine" was carefully taken out every day and hung on a tripod.
>
> What are you going to do?" It was the first question she had ever asked me. "Do? I'm going to war; my friends are going, they asked me to join the . . ." I stopped, for she suddenly arose and faced me, and her eyes were very bright. "You are going to war!" she exclaimed. "You a white man, are going with a lot of Indians over the plains at night to steal horses, and perhaps kill some poor prairie people. You have no shame!" "Why," I said, rather faintly, I presume, "I thought you would be glad. Are not the Crows your enemies? I have promised, I must go."
>
> "It is well for an Indian to do this," she went on, "but not for a white man. You are rich; you have everything you want; those papers, that yellow hard rock [gold] you carry will buy you anything you want; you should be ashamed to go sneaking over the plains like a coyote. None of your people ever did that."[45]

175 555 Despite further protestations on the part of Schultz, he did not go. Faced with the emotional explication of the complex relationship between manliness, horse raiding, ethnic identity and shame, he could not overcome his wife's logic. This lengthy statement is remarkably revealing for [562] our topic. Masculinity is one of the facets of economic well-being, yet one does not courageously steal horses if one does not need them or the attendant prestige (note that Schultz had everything he wanted). Recognition for such acts is given only among Indians, Schultz' people had never gone skulking about the prairie, thus he could not achieve 626 useful notoriety from such action. "You have no shame," 175 "you should be ashamed," accuses Apikuni's wife, indicating that the strongest control of excess or foolishness among the Indians is a man's consciousness of shame or pride.[1] One cannot have masculine pride and self esteem and behave shamefully.

461 178 To return momentarily to the I.A.I. data, it is apparent that the function of shame is today similar to what it was in the early and late 1800's. It would be shameful to be a brawling boxer, it would be shameful to be a hostile liquor vendor, it would be shameful to be indoors selling food to poor Indians, and, could one be proud of inept fancy 175 dancing? Apikuni, in this instance, has pointed to the 181

[1] A. ["Apikuni" is the Blackfoot name for James Willard Schultz--Analyst]

175 antecedents of frequent I.A.I. concerns--experience and
181 knowledge and money. Here they imply recognition and the
[626] presence or absence of shame; a condition which may be an-
[861] ticipated by ridicule and shame for misbehavior as a child.
175 Shame also applied to the opposite proposition, to when
626 Mr. Schultz went to war to protect himself and his Indian
555 friends.

> I went home and told Nat-ah'-ki the news, removed the cover of my rifle, and filled my coat pocket with cartridges. "Wait," she said, "What are you going to do?" "Why Big Lake told us to meet at his lodge," I explained. "He has some good plan, I suppose." "Yes, he is wise," she agreed, "but you are not going out to be killed by a war party. Stay here with me."
>
> "But our horses. I cannot remain here in the lodge and let the enemy run them off."
>
> "They do not matter. Let them go."
>
> "But," I said, "if I remain here, think what the people would say. They would call me a coward, they would say to you: 'Your white man has a woman's heart: why don't you make some dresses for him?'" That ended the argument.46

In this case it is incumbent upon Schultz to approximate the Blood-Blackfoot ideal. If he does not then his life would be shameful. "Think what the people would say," [178] he says. In this fashion the pieces of the past fall together and roughly begin to match the pattern of the present. 626 Shame relates to both what a man is and what he does. 595 Shame also relates to male-female relations.

175 273

> I knew a man who always became very mischievous when he drank. He had three wives and at such times he

782 In this quotation generosity applies to both man and god.
175 As in the transfer of religious fetishes and the creation of the various religious bundles, the individual's relation to the supernatural is conditioned by and related to the distri-
555 bution of goods. In the domains of secular achievement and religious recognition those persons well enough off to reward or support others generously were recognized, are "good" or ideal, and are given the social approbation desired by all men.

525 Turning to other activities, the use of leisure was
175 not particularly a problem among the Blood. From the time of Thompson,

> . . . for like all people who have too much time on their hands, they are almost to a man, more or less, given to gambling day and night.[59]

to the days of Schultz, gambling on almost anything occupied this time. Schultz tells of two major incidents in his book, My Life as an Indian, which stem from conflict inspired by gambling losses. One case, "The Great Race" tragedy is
578 averted by the cooler heads of the older men. The other case,
687 "A Game of Fate," did not turn out so benignly.
762 Schultz introduces the episode as an unusual event.
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> There was an unusual craze for gambling that winter. By day, the men, when not hunting, played the wheel and arrow game. . . . At night the camp resounded with the solemn, wierd, gambling chant from many lodges. Even the women gambled, and many were the altercations over their bets.[60]

56: Maximilian N, T-5 (1833) 1976 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Montana

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622
555
292

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